

DISORDER

september 2000
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LOCAL MUSIC 2000

Local music directory!

Interviews with
VANCOUVER
NIGHTS
MADCHILD
THE BEANS
RYAN MOORE
REMOVAL
THE SPITFIRES
and more.



beaucoup nepotism!



reviews, photos,
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SEPT
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2000



19TH VANCOUVER INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

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Love Come Down (Canada, 99 min.) Two brothers, Neville (Larenz Tate), an aspiring stand-up comic, and Matthew (Martin Cummins), a boxer, struggle to come to terms with a decade old tragedy. Spirituality and myth converge in this compelling drama from Clement Virgo (Rude, VIFF 95), which features the acting debut of R&B vocalist Deborah Cox. With **Downpour** (Ontario, 8 min.), Aaron Woodley's stop-motion animated short about dueling pianists.



The Price of Air (USA, 95 min.) An innovative love story that careens between the searier side of LA and the beautiful Utah desert, Josh Evans' latest follows a clueless record store clerk as he gets embroiled in a drug deal gone wrong. Using digital technology to construct a unique narrative structure, the film also features music from cast members Goldie and Sticky Fingaz.



Benjamin Smoke (USA, 80 min.) The source of inspiration to artists like Patti Smith and Michael Stipe, the gravely voiced Benjamin was a genuine underground legend — HIV-positive drag queen, drug addict and hedonist. Jen Cohen and Peter Sillen have crafted a sensitive document of the late artist and his music, a unique collision of country, folk and punk.



Like a Magnet (France, 100 min.) Scoring and gritty depiction of the shady lives of immigrant hangers-on in the Marseilles projects. Co-directed and starring Akhenaton, leader of the famous French hip-hop band IAM, who describes his honest film as "fiction made up of a mosaic of realities." Featuring stellar hip-hop, rap and soul music from the likes of Miles Jackson, Isaac Hayes and a host of international musicians.



Pola X (France, 134 min.) Leos Carax's scandalous, self-defeating film mudr receives its Canadian premiere. In this rough adaptation of Herman Melville's *Pierre*, or the Ambiguities, Guillaume Depardieu plays a writer who abandons his fiancée to embark on a passionate affair with his mysterious half-sister. Score by Scott Walker.

Songs from the Second Floor (Sweden, 98 min.) Roy Andersson's crafty, apocalyptic burlesque is an episodic, slice-of-life pastiche of modern urban society posed on the edge of collapse. Shot over four years, this obsessively crafted work is an ironic commentary on the absurdities and travails of being human, and a visionary work of art. Score by ABBA's Benny Andersson.

This film is sponsored by

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What About Me: The Rise of the Nihilist Spasm Band (Canada, 75 min.) For more than 35 years, the Nihilist Spasm Band has performed its own unique brand of wild, improvised noise music. Zev Asher's highly entertaining experimental documentary explores the history of Canada's strangest musical group. With: **Me, My Shadow and I** (Canada, 15 min.), Desirée Lea's short about a do-it-yourself Granville Street musician.

Animal Factory (USA, 90 min.) Steve Buscemi's nuanced, character-driven prison drama shows how once-promising Ron Decker (Edward Furlong) can become a hardened criminal. The brilliant ensemble cast features Willem Dafoe's best performance to date as well-connected inmate Earl Copen, the prison Godfather who takes Ron under his wing. Score by John Lurie.

Skewed Korean Comedies!

Wild & Crazy!



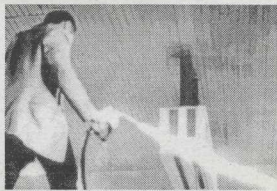
Iron Ladies (Thailand, 104 min.) A Thai answer to *Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*, Yongyoot Thongkongkorn's debut feature tells a true story: the trials, tribulations and eventual triumph of a transvestite volleyball team. An unmissable entertainment.



Psycho Beach Party (USA, 94 min.) Shaking bikinis, muscle-bound surfers, a surf-babe with a split personality, and assorted savaged body parts are just part of the fun in Robert Lee King's madcap romp. Captain Monica Stark (Charles Busch) is called to investigate a string of grisly murders at Malibu beach... Surf's up!



The Foul King (South Korea, 112 min.) A smash hit in Korea this year, Kim Ji-Woon's semi-sad comedy about a klutzy, incompetent bank clerk (Song Kang-Ho) who invents himself a second identity as a wrestling-jung villain is a total joy. Part of the pleasure is that it does none of the obvious things you expect...



Attack the Gas Station (South Korea, 113 min.) Heading up this year's special focus on skewed Korean comedy, Kim San-Jin's very funny, very anti-social movie is about four guys with grudges against society who take over a gas station for the night. What happens has to be seen to be believed; prepare to roll and be rocked.

6ixty-nin9 (Thailand, 114 min.) Penek Ratanarung's highly enjoyable black comedy is sort-of a sequel to *Psycho* — from Marion Crane's point-of-view. A woman who has been "downsized" out of her job in banking finds a box of used notes on her doorstep. Soon there's a small mountain of male corpses inside the door... Winner, FIPRESCI prize, Hong Kong, 2000.

Wild Zero (Japan, 98 min.) Motorbikes! UFOs! Zombies in Lovel Rock 'n' Roll! It's *Night of the Living Dead* meets *Rock 'n' Roll High School* in Tetsuro Takeuchi's story of love gone wrong, as Ace falls for a girl with a secret while attending a Guitar Wolf concert in a town taken over by creatures from outer space!

The Virgin Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors (South Korea, 127 min.) Hong Sang-Soo (winner of our Dragons & Tigers Award for *The Day a Pig Fell into the Well*) returns with his funniest and most playful film. On the day Soo-Jung decides to give her virginity to one of the two men who loves her, she and he have very different memories...

The Happy Funeral Director (South Korea, 97 min.) In a small country town where nobody has died for ten years, the undertaker's shop doesn't offer the best of employment prospects... Chang Mun-Il's wry comedy is generally likeable and humane. But it does have a couple of choice sick jokes.

IMPORTANT DATES:

- Sept. 11 • Advance Box Office sales begin, accepting VISA only
- To purchase tickets by phone, call (604) 685-8297. To order online, visit www.viff.org.
- Call the **Telus Film Festival Hotline** at 685-8552 for information (9:00am to 9:00pm).
- Sept. 16 • General ticket sales begin, accepting VISA and cash. Saver/Student Programme available.

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September 8!



SAME PLANET. DIFFERENT WORLDS.

DISCORDER

ISSUE 210 • SEPTEMBER 2000 • THAT MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM

Features

THE SPITFIRES

RYAN MOORE

(THE) BEANS

REMOVAL

LOCAL KNOBS

BATTLE AXE RECORDS

VANCOUVER NIGHTS

2000 LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTORY!

LOCAL SEEN?

bye bye anthony!
have fun in kuwait!

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Cover

IF YOU HAD ANY IDEA HOW MUCH AGONY THIS ISSUE WAS TO PRODUCE YOU'D A) STOP BITCHING ABOUT HOW MUCH ASS DISCORDER SUCKS, B) FAIL TO YOUR KNEES, AND C) WEEP WITH SYMPATHY AND GRATITUDE. SOMEONE'S DOING IT AND IT SURE AIN'T YOU. EXTRA SPECIAL HUGS AND SMOOCHES FOR THIS ONE GO TO TARA, TRISTAN, AND ALL THE OTHER JERKS AT THE ULYSSES FOR BEING THERE AND NOT BEING SQUARE. THIS INCREDIBLY EXPENSIVE COVER WAS DESIGNED BY JENNY. VANCOUVER NIGHTS PHOTOS BY ANN GONCALVES. REMOVAL PHOTO BY LORI KIESSLING. BEANS PHOTO BY SAM MACKLIN. BEN NEVILE PHOTO BY ? [CHECK NEXT MONTH FOR THE RETRACTION.]

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Cover TBA

Fri Sept 22

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DISCORDER

Vancouver Special



BY JANIS MCKENZIE & JAMAAL

local demos! by jamaal

Hey, hey, hey. Gots your local music issue today, hey, hey. And it's good, and it's cool, and it's gots demos too. Bad rhymes, I admit it. That's what you get at the last minute. Enough stalling, on with it.

BAD APPLE hail from Vancouver, as their bad name makes painfully obvious. Nothing new in the "heavy pop" world, as their bio describes it, but the music is well executed nonetheless. The first track was good, but it had me lamenting the technology of vocal layering; are you trying to sound tough or not? Track two consisted primarily of guitar clichés, while track three had me going until all the "my living hell" boo hoos started pissing me off. <heband@badapplemusic.com>

SQUARES ELITE are from Mountlake Terrace, Washington, which I guess disqualifies them

from the local music theme, but I have complete autonomy here, and I need some fodder. The music was cool, sort of a heavy surf rock 'n' roll thing, though I hesitate to relegate them to either genre. The sound quality was shit, but I got through that by cranking it up and listening from the next room. Only then did I pick up the ripping guitar riffs and creepy keyboard. Then I discovered that "Dolby NR" button. Technology rocks.

[425.489.8430]
Got a triple-pack CD from the acoustic avengers (that's my nickname, not theirs). It included locals **MR. PLOW** and **JOEL**, as well as Richmond, Virginia's **ARCHIE CRISIS**. The American sucks, and not because of my irrational fear of those south of the 49th. He concentrates more on being funny (which he's not) than on writing songs with any sort of musical appeal. May he never gain access to our nation. Mr. Plow, on the other hand, is occasionally funny with song titles like "Tragically Sick" and "Hitler's Girlfriend," but he tries

too hard to be offensive; incest is no longer offensive, and it's never been funny. Thankfully, this CD includes the musical talent known simply as Joel. His first track was acoustics on speed, while his massively mellow second track allowed me to get into his terrific lyrics and wonderful vocal melodies. Proper. <www.angelfire.com/id/uk>

And finally, you missed them at SHINDIG!, you showed up far too late to see them at the Starfish, but thank the lord they sent you a demo. Carrying on the tradition of Vancouver's Rock 'n' Roll Revival, **THE NASTY ON** are here to bring you the music you love, the way you love it: dirty, hyper, and weird. My only complaint might be in the lyrical content department, but as the one-eyed Elvis reminds me: "I'm here to rock, not think." Check these boys out before one of them ODs. [604.733.2579]
Okay, the fire alarm keeps going off here at Main Library, so I guess I should exit the building. Until next time: peace, love, and death to fucking hippies. *

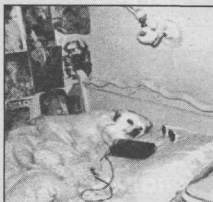
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DISCORDER



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the Monoxides

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Rosebuddy

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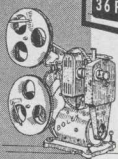
Mr Dibbs

Get ready for the first new release in over a year from one of the living legends of urban music today. Founder of the 1200 hobo, the earth greatest DJ on earth according to Spin Magazine, here comes the **Blues Mangler** himself, Mr Dibbs, one of the most important talents of our time. **Primitive Tracks** is the soundtrack to one of the most important skate video's of the year. **Alien Work Shop** a photosynthesis and also contains a 20 minute live set recorded in Nashville at Ultimate Breaks & Breaks. Street and Desert Records - CND001-1/2
RELEASE DATE SEPTEMBER 26, 2000

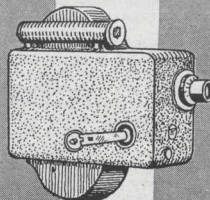
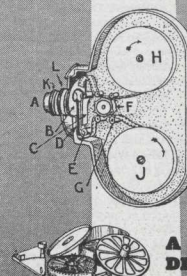


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Louder Than A Bomb



BY NAT X

The next person who asks me, "So, where are you from?" is going to get a steel-toed boot stuffed right down their throat! I've voiced my annoyance at this before, but people continually insist that it's not racism, it's simply curiosity: you don't look like you're from here. Why, because I don't look like you? Think about it: I'm so fucking sick of this passive Canadian type of racism, that assumes that if you're not white (or Native) you're a recent immigrant, I just can't deal with it anymore.

It's not just in conversation either. Attitudes like this are deeply ingrained in all levels of Canadian society: being asked for additional ID at the passport office, being questioned at the border when returning home, being stopped by the police at random ("There's been a break-in in the neighborhood. We're just checking it out,") even while there are dozens of other people on the street. It also shows up clearly in the representation of immigrants and immigration in the media. A prime example is the coverage of the fate of the Chinese refugees who arrived here in BC last summer. From the start they were treated and portrayed as dangerous criminals. All of the follow-up stories have also cast an extremely negative light on these people: stories of

prison riots, disobedience and disappearances abound. Yet when you think about what they're going through, it's not surprising at all. Being locked in a cell like a criminal for over a year and mistreated by corrections officials while the actual criminals who swindled and smuggled you under extremely dangerous conditions are acquitted is hardly satisfying or fair.

Neither is being stigmatized as wanting to take jobs away from "real" Canadians or being natural recruits for the sinister "Asian Underground" which, as we know from the papers, controls all organized crime in this country (hah!).

All of these disparaging attitudes stand in direct contrast to reality. The fact is that while there is significant unemployment in this country, there are also thousands of jobs every year that need to be filled by foreigners because of the lack of qualified domestic applicants. Not only that, but if you check with Stats Can, you'll find that after the first year, unemployment rates among recent immigrants are far lower than among "regular" Canadians.

So why stigmatize them? Simple, they're not like "us." If you don't agree, then consider the recent case of the crew of Russian sailors who jumped ship and hid in Canada. Not only were they treated like refugees rather than like common criminals, but the national newspapers all ran sympathetic stories about these poor brave sailors who hadn't been paid in ages, who suffered difficult working conditions, and who just wanted to better their lives in a new country. Hmmm. The only significant difference (excluding the disparity in the risks involved) was that the sailors were white. They were more like "normal" Canadians. No mention was made of the fact that a huge number of illegal immigrants to Canada come from Europe, nor was there any mention made of the possibility of their entering the "underground economy." Good hearty European boys just wouldn't do that! Interesting in light of the fact that last year both Interpol and the FBI identified the Russian mafia (with its roots in the KGB) as potentially the greatest threat to international law enforcement.

Anyway, you get the point. It's the fear of the yellow peril and the brown hordes all over again. So next time you see someone you think doesn't look "Canadian" and you want to ask them where they're "really" from, first check their boots, then check your head. •

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S DISORDER

7 inch



BY JULIE COLERO

I don't feel like writing an introduction this month. You get enough of my rant and rave in the column proper, so I'm sure you don't mind. I really am through with cute.

BUM is back! I was pleased to find a new Bum single slipped under my door recently by the Magic Teeth fairy, and was even more pleased when I put the thing on my record player. How come no one ever told me how awesome Bum is? There's been a gaping hole in my life ever since Kevin Lee ceased to be my boss, but now he's back, and he's on blue vinyl! The two Bum tracks on this single are two of the most catchy pop songs I've heard in ages, and they're not cute, or wussy, or anything bad

and perfect. "Turn Off The Faucet" has a simple guitar progression and some powerful lyrics—the Frumpies want to better our lives. "Tell Me" is a Rolling Stones cover, a little bit doo-wop-esque, very stripped down and done with watery vocals. The garage rock style is way more **Headcoaters** than anything previous, and suits the band's skill level quite well. The Frumpies grew up, but forgot to get along the way. Thank goodness for that. [Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State #418, Olympia, WA 98501]

Low's ALAN SPARHAWK purports to step out on his own on a split single with **CHARLES ATLAS**, but Mini Parker is still right there beside him. "Sleep Song" is a beautiful lullaby for [

747, New York, NY 10156] Less confusing but more annoying than the Dymaxion is the new **ECBOR** single. What up with those crazy German youths? What are they so mad about? I missed my opportunity to poll the population on its troubled generation but I sense, listening to ECBOR, that their future must be bleak. At least

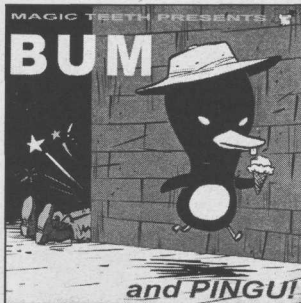
ulation on these tracks, but I don't have a clue what these two are going on about. Mr. ECBOR's singing something about Nyquil, and Ms. ECBOR seems to be balking on a bill with her hot lyrics of "I Won't Pay." There's nothing like picking three words and repeating them ad nauseum to create a hit! [DHR, no address given, but I'll be damned if there's not a million web sites and chat rooms for you to explore to find out where to get this, and get a real fan's opinion on the thing.]

The good people at Junk Records decided it was high time they unleashed some more rock at us all. God bless them and their filthy, tasteless, fidelity record sleeves. The bands on this label usually provide me with a good laugh, and this batch was no exception. **THE SHUT UPS** are a batch of teenage and twenty-somethings who haven't yet figured out that your band has to do more than raunch to rock. This band is all about having fun and scoring with the chicks, so far as I can tell. This single's got four fast and

songs offered up here are party songs, less about fucking and more about fun. The lyrics are great (for a rock band, you know what I'm saying...), as they're cocky and stylish. Good stuff. [Junk Records, 7071 Warner Ave., F PMB 736, Huntington Beach, CA 92647-5495]

If it's coming from Peek-A-Boo, you know it's straight outta Austin, Texas. **FIVEHEAD** is a band that sounds too much like **Guided By Voices** for me to ever be able to listen to it twice. This is big guitar rock. I envision a live show full of booze, high kicks, and lots of sweat. I envision myself not at that show. One of these guys is in **Silver Scooter**, too. Like you didn't expect it to have somebody from somewhere. [Peek-A-Boo, PO Box 49542, Austin, TX 78765]

I like **NO KNIFE**, even if I don't like the genre of music they're generally associated with. The band graces the b-side of a split with **LAZYCHAIN**, a much less interesting band doing the same type of thing. No Knife's song, "Permanent For

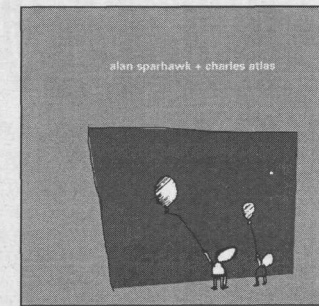


that you might expect me to like. They actually rock hard. There's a **PINGUI** track on the b-side here that reminds me of early **Pluto** stuff (maybe it's the voice), a nice song about candy and sugar fixes. It's got a kicking guitar solo, and thus stands tall next to the Bum tracks. Find and consume! [Magic Teeth, 633 Johnson St., Victoria, BC, no postal code, dorks!]

THE FRUMPIES are a good idea. The band's latest single, four action-packed songs, does me very, very right. The lo-fi stylings of this band never cease to impress me, especially when they're in the less-dissident vein. I expected a full-on assault, and instead was granted a gift of pop pleasure. "Frumpies Forever" is a fine anthem ode to friendship, filled with fond memories of how a band becomes a posse. The music on this release is simple

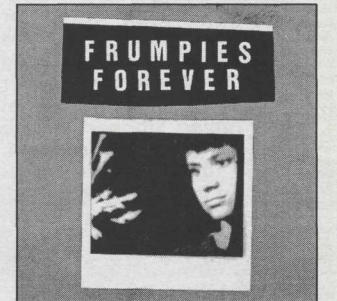
presume) his daughter, filled with heart-felt, genuine lyrics about the joys of parenthood. Maybe not for all of us, but this one seems like a keeper. You've got to turn your babies on to good music somehow, don't you? The Charles Atlas track is a gentle instrumental, sparsely laden with guitar work to fall asleep to. Mellow suits this release just fine. [Star Star Stereo, PO Box 070762, Milwaukee, WI 53207]

I don't know what's up with **DYMAXION**, or why this band's got a single. I thought that Room Tone was a fancy electronic label, but this release has got me confused. Dymaxion plays loopy instrumentals that sound like practice tapes mixed up with computer trickery. The sounds come in waves, and I was always curious to see what would come next. At one point, a beat broke out, and I got my hopes up, only to have them



squashed when the song faded back into nothingness. This band seems promising, but I think they're playing games. At least there are no vocals. I bet they'd be bad. [Roomtone, PO Box

they have lots of gear. The two new tracks on this single are as noisy as ever, with the signature DHR freakout gabber beats kicking it right, left, and centre. There's some good sound manip-



furious tracks with more "baby's" than you can shake a stick at, but whatever. Apparently that's all the rage these days. "C'mere Kitty" is the best song on the single, being slightly less frantic and a little more dance- and romance-able. This band will learn quickly that close-ups of ladies' bums on their album sleeves DO in fact attract the fan-base it's looking for.

THE VALENTINE KILLERS are another hard and fast rock band with nice guitar work and not a lot else. The singer's voice puts me off enough so that I didn't really bother listening to lyrical content, but I did notice a pleasant lack of the word 'yeah.' That's alright, then. These guys sing about booze. They're on Sub Pop now, too.

The Junk single I like best is the one by **THE VICE PRINCIPALS**. It's a bit slower, so that people like me can understand what's going on. The two

Now," has some quality lyrics (not mushy! not sappy!) and excellent guitar work. Lots of start/stop mischief. Lazychain does me wrong by ruining their music with dorky lyrics about writing poetry in the sand and watching the tide wash it away. Whatever. Oh, and they sound like **The Promise Ring**. (Big Wheel Recreation, 325 Huntington Avenue #24, Boston, MA 02115)

Sounding like the Promise Ring is better than sounding like **Jets To Brazil**. That's why I only managed to listen to about a minute of **THE KILLINGTONS'** single. Goddamn, is one not enough??? Let's do the kids another disservice, why don't we, and serve them up more cruddy rock music! [Redwood Records, PO Box 6041, Fullerton, CA 92834-6041] •

strut & Fret



BY PENELOPE MULLIGAN

RADIX THEATRE Strange and Tender Green Saturday, August 5 Church of Pointless Hysteria

It was late on a hot night when I climbed the stairs at 110 West Hastings. Out on the street in front of the entrance was a big square of turf with a lone deck chair on it, marking the site of Radix Theatre's "inner city garden party," where two floors of performance, installations, performance art, and generally tilted knick-knackery awaited my pleasure.

Inside, the turf was everywhere and it was real, not Astro. One understandable exception was on the body of Mistress of Ceremonies Jen Cressey, who'd fashioned herself a strapless, astro-turf trouser suit hot enough to germinate real grass seeds; but she remained radiant. Two performance sets punctuated the otherwise agentless atmosphere in which we roamed around, played with the toys and partic-

ipated in whatever we came across, like most events, it all had the quality of a lucid dream.

An entire little living room with a grass carpet had been set up on a riser where you could chit-chat on the Chesterfield or just be a rug rat, leaning on smooth stones as you watched the telly. Nearby was a yard sale consisting of small chunks of turf with price tags.

Wandering into a back room, I found a naked lady arranged languidly on a velvet-draped dais with several people sketching her in charcoal while listening to cd walkmans.

When the music came free, I grabbed a sketch pad, plugged in and did my first ever live drawing. As a student, I'd spent a lot of time live-modeling and was amused at the soundtrack of the model's thoughts coming through the headphones—what to have for dinner, sexual fantasies and such.

On the way back down the hall, I passed a grinning attendee strapped into one of

those vibrating spot reducer things. On my right was a small badminton court, a wading pool, and a croquet pitch—all in use. Other nooks and crannies resembled sets from a Svankmeyer film.



Reaching one of the hosts, Andrew Laurensen, I noticed that he was presiding over a big wooden box, which I learned was a Kinetoscope—a device for film viewing by one person

at a time. It lasted only six years, sinking into obscurity when cinema projection allowed dozens of ticket buyers to watch the same film at once. Because this year is the 100th anniversary of its death, Laurensen and friends have lovingly reconstructed one of these dinosaurs, and it now works.

Eye of Newt, well known for their silent film accompaniments at the Blinding Light!, filled the big room upstairs with washes and bullets of sound as dancers Anne Cooper and Dean Makorena performed to spoken word tracks. Lots of contact improv and lost urban

For set two, the crowd was assaulted (in a good way) by slam-poet Shane, and then softly benighted by The Sweet Ms. Spelt who sat on a swing in a sundress, bearded neatly trimmed, reading from a chapbook. The gender-bending continued with Salmon Avalanche (my favourite performer of the evening) and her Drag Sock Puppet Show: man's sock in pigtail and lipstick belting out a naively upstaring tune. Salmon then appeared in person, lip-synching to a struttin', card-drivin' cowpoke number. Lastly, if it wasn't Brandon Teena back at another kick at the can.

As the night wore on, it became positively Buñuelian. I was fixating to leave, which somehow didn't happen and found myself in the lead in a game of croquet, with onlookers cheering and hooting. (I lost dismally in the end, which may have had something to do with taking my shots between gulps from an obscenely huge tumbler of wine.) Then someone started selling water pistols for a dollar—the kind that can be adjusted to shoot sideways. Imagine if you will, the water

fights which ensued, with a roomful of people all aiming resolutely away from their targets and hitting the canyons of the night. In it's own words, Radix "dedicates itself to the collective creation of original, groundbreaking, site-specific, interdisciplinary performance events that address the personal, social and philosophical canyons of the day" and has been at it for at least a decade. In the earlier years, political and social concerns were addressed more overtly—though no less creatively—than there was an exhilarating physicality in its activism. Under the more recent influence of Laurensen's gentle, bespectacled weirdness, the activism is much slyer. The chuckle factor has increased, but keeps a straight face as anarchy top dances around in bedroom slippers. The strangeness is truly inspired, but a ver gratuitous because off-side somewhere, there's always a large implication for our personal lives and our places in this world.

As we were leaving in the small hours of Sunday morning, I noticed that amid the full-on action in the Hundred Block, the grass carpet and deckchair in the street had remained intact and undisturbed. Strange and tender indeed.

Your next chance to hang out with Radix is at the Fringe Festival in September. *

Kill Your Boyfriend

COMIC REVIEWS BY ROBIN

COMIX & STORIES 2000 Sunday, August 20 Heritage Hall

You have no idea how lucky you are. Within this city there is an amazing and thriving comic scene, but by Leonard Wong. More commonly known for his mainstream comic conventions, the event is a labour of love for Wong, who says, "It's the only show I do where I know I'm going to lose money, but I do it anyway." A highly promoted event, it's an alternative comicopia. Damian Wilcox, creator of *Dorkboy*, came down from Calgary. Ira Hunter and Robin Thompson, the purveyors of *Champions of Hell*, also made the trip from Vancouver Island. Bustards of folks came from Seattle, Washington. With many of our tried and true local favourites also in attendance, it was a comic fan's wet dream. Upon entering the hall, I was immediately treated to a buzz of activity. Everyone was

placed two to a table and against the walls with the comic dealers/retailers in the center. The Seattle contingent consisted of David Laskey, who had his new zine *Sleepmaxine* on hand, Megan Kelly, gearing up for his weekly internet strip at www.highwaterbooks.com; Ariel Bordeaux, known for her comic, *No Love Lost*; Rick Altberg, the brains behind *Dorkboy*; Greg Stump, with his great new comic *Dwarf Attack*; Chad Döbenburger, otherwise known as *Smell of Steve Inc.*; Randy Wood, whose comic *Kitties in the Engine* adored, and Tofana Gill, whose collaboration with David Laskey on *OMG* was utterly beautiful.

But enough about the away team. Vancouver was represented in style with almost everyone near and dear to our terminal city showing up. Mostly peddling their comic books and zines, some were creative enough to make socks (Wilcox) or stoves (Hunter & Thompson) of their characters. A couple of local guys had the right idea too. Brad Yung, who does *Stoy As You*, had a sheet of colourful, witty, imitation

postage stamps for sale, and James Lloyd, known for his comic *Superstar*, had a special sneak-preview of his work on the first *Futurama* comic. My favourite was the sexy and classy photo-collage packages put together by Kristen Wamsley for *Anti-Establishment Girl*.

Susan Ferguson, who claims *Underbelly* as one of her many creations, was there. *Underbelly* is a great comic mostly about being a girl. She experiments with different styles and formats as well to the point that *Underbelly* almost reads like an anthology. Drawn in Susan's expressive and bombastic style, there is never a dull moment. *Underbelly* is really funny, and definitely worth getting even though she hasn't done anything in a long time. The tales of "Dippy, The Chronically Depressed Dolphin" alone make it worth picking up.

Ron Turner, a virtual ghost on the local scene, actually made an appearance at a guest this time. This guy is so good. Turner is an artist in the true sense, with portraits and paintings that you hate and Picasso jealous. I wish he

would do more. The mushave is *Antenna Head*, a mishmash of art and comic, unconnected lines and fuzzy, colourful beauty, haunting stories, and just plain silliness. I just want to shake him sometimes so he will do more. But Turner, like a lot of Vancouver comic artists, has fallen prey to animation.

Convention mainstay Owen Plummer was on hand as well. Owen publishes *Rubber Pappicle Factory*, a series of comics and art all about his love for Mr. T and Mexican Wrestlers. Solid black and white line work, exceedingly abstract and a lot of fun. Terry Hann, Owen's better half, was there as well. A great artist in her own right, her comics also serve as a basis for her obsessions, whether they're about the history of bras or bunnies. Her art is wispy and dreamy. Final lines give the text-heavy stories a great flow. (And she does her research!)

Steve Rolston is a guy to look out for. Initially developing his drawing chops in animation, he has since turned to comics and is now the artist for a new *Oni* spin-off—so new it doesn't even have a name yet. Rolston is almost a mega superhero. His style is cartoonish and simplistic but full of energy. You can get his labour of love, *Jack Spade* and *Tony Two-Fist*, at many fine comics stores and on the internet at www.cartoonmilitia.com, if I drinkin' and knowlin' penguins are your cup of tea.

It wouldn't be a convention without the appearance of Brad Yung, Robin Bougie, and Rebecca

Dprt. Yung, a meta-ironist to the n-th degree, does the witty and cerebral *Stoy As You*. Are his weekly strip is presented in a clean, simplistic style and peppered with fabulous insight. Yung also messes around with style and format on occasion, and I swear to God if you pick one up, you will laugh. Yeah, I am sort of biased (for those in the know), but I still think this is a comic for everyone's coffee table.

Another comic that can go on your coffee table, provided you don't live with your parents and have no impressionable little kids running around, is *Deviant* by Robin Bougie. It's a journal of strange sexual practices illustrated by Bougie's great wacky art, which lends character and a goofy humour to some of the weirder topics in his comic. It's an educational tool that all should read. Rebecca hasn't done anything in a long while, content with making special appearances in her husband Robin's books, but I'm sure if you ask really nice she'll draw you something. (You want her to draw you something. Trust me, she is amazing.) So tea fell under the same spell as Ron Turner and now animates.

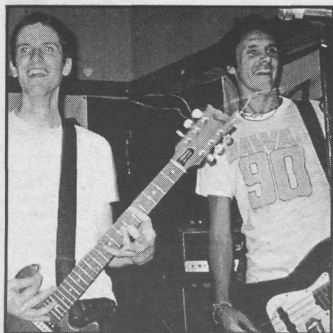
James Lloyd, an artist endorsed by Rick Altberg, has risen to fame drawing *The Simpsons* and *Futurama* comics, but his own comics are nothing to sneeze at. Drawing on the same style as artists that formed EC Comics as well as *Mad Magazine*, Lloyd has fashioned something new with his intricately detailed panels and

swirling lines. My favourite is *The Trip*, one man's tale of moving from sleepy Vernon, BC to the hub-and-bustle of Vancouver and new comic *Superstar* is a rollicking tale of "What really happened to Jim Morrison?" Graphically fun and exciting—read it.

Of the other half of the room housed some great people too, including zinester Kyla Sweet, whose ramblings can be found in *Notebook Comics*, and Kevin Long, whose *Tuffy the Onion* is about to move on to Tom Green fame.

See how much you missed? The place was relaxed and fun. Everyone was accessible and friendly, and the only thing going on was a huge amount of love being passed around, the love of comics. I just don't see how you could neglect this. Such a wealth of talent and so many things going on. Friends were made, catching up and contact-making was done.

If you're a zinester or a fan, this is something you won't miss next year. If you can't wait, on September 26 at the Downtown Branch library there will be the "Word Under the Street" festival featuring your favourite local cartoonists, and hey, even the ever elusive David Boswell (Reid Fleming) has been known to make an appearance. The cartoonists will be participating in a drawing contest with comics, and that, my friends, would be worth the price of admission alone—if it weren't already free! *



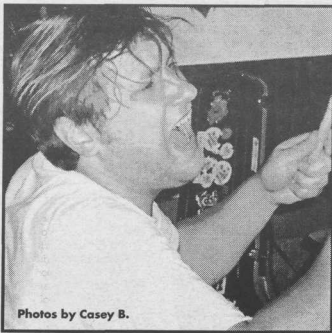
Incestuously Yours: Junk in Vancouver

Matt knows Andy knows Dave knows Chad knows Ryan knows me. Matt and Chad played together in a band—long forgotten—which used to open shows for Ryan's JetSet. Of course, that was before Matt joined The Black Halos and Dave joined Chad in The Spitfires. And it was well before Matt convinced Andy to move to Vancouver, where he plays with Mr. Black as well as filling in for Chad in The Spitfires when Chad's busy touring with The Black Halos as their manager. Me, I'm dedicated to hard-hitting, objective journalism.

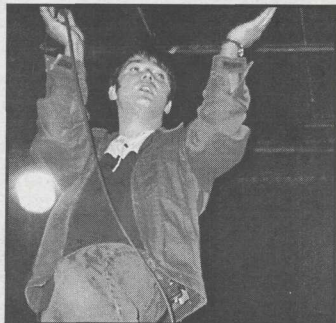
"No more O and A stories," proclaimed the editor, so here you are. "Oh yeah, and try to bring a little optimism into this year's local music issue." Optimism? Well, The Spitfires seem to have some. Their shows are consistently well-attended and fun as hell, probably

because the band is consistently hammered by the time they hit the stage. What more do you want from a rock 'n' roll scene? Vancouver's in a bit of an odd stage in the transition from town to city; big enough to draw more national acts than, say, Calgary, whose local scene is tight-knit because it has to be; not big enough to support both the local and the touring music economy. Oh, woe is me! But not The Spitfires. They seem to have nothing to complain about. The scene's been good to them, it's just as vibrant as in any other Canadian city, and besides, it's the only one we got.

How's that for optimism? And now for a little balance. Enter JetSet, the pessimist. "The scene is shit. There's nowhere to play, probably because there are no good promoters. And there's maybe five



Photos by Casey B.



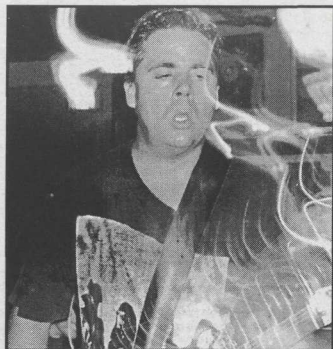
way: they merely sent them a demo tape. Owned by one Mr. Luis Carus and operated by Ms. Nancy, Junk Records are, if you want to buy into the accolades that spill forth from the mouths of their disciples, the best damn label in the entire universe. They will do whatever it takes to help their bands take the world by storm, including spending every penny they got on recording, promotion, and pornography. This part of the article was reserved for Nancy to wax ecstatic on her bands and the Vancouver scene in general, but she's been away this week, so maybe we'll just have two lines of silent reflection:

Thank you. Carry on.

good bands to see, tops." Thank you, Ryan. The Spitfires were quick to jump in at this point, singing the praises of the Brickyard's promoter, Jason, for his fine work revitalizing the rock 'n' roll scene around there. My only question was why, if there are only five good bands, would anybody want to start promoting shows? Put that in your pipe.

But of course there are many more than five good bands in Vancouver, even in the limited, rock 'n' roll scope of this horribly unfocused article. And there are opportunities for those bands. JetSet and The Spitfires, for instance, both find themselves on the roster of California-based Junk Records, and they got there the old-fashioned

In all seriousness, though, there are things to look forward to. The Spitfires are recording a new full-length in September, and then they'll be "supporting the record." National tour? I ask. "Yeah, national tour. Just like the last one, to California and back." As for JetSet, they've got a single coming out in October, recorded with Greg (of the Cowards, Siobhan Duval, and god knows how many other local bands) on drums, and a full-length in 2001 with Jason (of the Spitfires) on drums. Are you guys following all this? Oh, yeh, The Black Halos: they recorded a video or something, so keep your low-attention-spurred ass glued to MuchMusic and request it by name. The local scene needs you, man, every one of you. *



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Ryan Moore

Twilight circus dub soundsystem

by tobias van veen

Ryan Moore has been into dub for a long time. He claims to be from another planet, like all good dub musicians. (Think Sun Ra. Okay, he's not dub. Whatever). After all, he was born in Vancouver, and now he lives in Amsterdam. And this all up and you begin to understand the eccentricity behind the bassy grooves and sometimes-drummer for the cult psychedelic group The Legendary Pink Dots and the guy who practically is the Twilight Circus Dub Soundsystem. The Soundsystem has gained international recognition in dub circles for its continued experimentation, incredible production and massive dub-bass grooves, with a slew of CDs and limited Dialect 180-gram vinyl platters from Vancouver-based M Records. I managed to corner Ryan in Victory Café between one of his mad extended, late-night recording sessions at the Miller Block that he tries to pull off every time he visits Vancouver with the Dots.

DISORDER: When did you leave Vancouver?

Ryan Moore: It's been about 10 years. I went to Holland to do a job, and now I am growing roots and branches and a trunk and some bark, in Holland. Is there a large dub scene over there?

In Europe in general, the dance music scene is really large. Techno-pop is the order of the day; that is the top 40 music, that is the music that rules the airwaves. That is what the kids are into. Live music and rock bands have all died out somewhat. There's always going to be an element in interest in dub of course, because of the heavy connection between dub and dance music. I get a lot of Soundsystem gigs at raves and chillout rooms and big jungle parties.

Do you DJ at those parties or play live?

What I have been doing is concentrating on doing the shows in more of a live format... running tracks, playing different stuff over the tracks... extra band members and so on. But basically at this point it is clear that it is going to be a more feasible in terms of the logistics of travel and putting on shows and what the promoters were wanting from a dub soundsystem by doing it more DJ style, and that's what I have been concentrating on in the last year. Trying out different configurations: pure DJ style, live bass, live playing,

freaking out the tracks I am playing by running through extra dub effects. It's been going really well and it is a lot of fun. Definitely a DJ/live configuration is the way to go for a live situation. Do you think you are bringing back a live element to a dance scene which has turned away from that? Yeah, the funny thing is when I was doing that there were a lot of people freaking out... [but] at least at that point in time I found it too confusing. I had to think of too

to pretend that I was a member of the crowd coming up onto the stage at random, wanting to play the drums, and it evolved into a part of the act. I would jump up and down yelling "Mel Mel Mel!" Have you guys ever let anyone from the crowd play the drums? That's a frightening thought! [laughs] How well do you get along with the rest of the Dots? They can be very serious and dark. Mark Spybey from DVOA can be very dark—yep, pretty funny. How does that blend when you're on tour?

Well the thing with the Pink Dots is that it is a conglomeration of the most unlikely disparate personalities imaginable, yet somehow over the years people have managed to find a way to tolerate each other's quirks that

definite difference between Horsey and Dub Voyage. Horsey is more acoustic... More rock.

And then on Dub Voyage there is a track called "K2000" which I am pretty sure is a reference to the Kurtzweil. All those freaky filtering effects are straight out of the Kurtzweil processing algorithms. So where is it going now? Does it sound different than the Dub Voyage material?

It's hard to say. The stuff I was laying down at the Miller Block are just drum tracks. It really could go in any direction. When I was working on the first record, I had a master plan. The first record was to be completely analogue, with only analogue effects, and come out with a kind of stripped down roots reggae-style record as a foundation or springboard to jump off into more bizarre realms of dub exploration, and then after a couple of records to end up doing completely electronic, bizarre-sounding dub stuff. Every record does seem to have its own identity, in that it really is the result of a lot of improvisation in the studio and spontaneity. It really represents the vibe that was going on at that exact moment in the studio. At the moment things seem to be going

lot of electronic dance music purports to be modern trend music, but most tracks don't have a very early vibe to them. The scene of people from Berlin manage to get this sound which does not sound that far off from folkways-ethnographic drum music. The Twilight Circus productions get the vinyl mastering done at the Chain Recording/Basic Channel empire. They cut all the Circus' [albums] there.

When should we expect your next album?

The plan is for Dub Plates Volume 3 early next year. I've got all the ideas and bits to flesh out and finish it. The idea I have is that it will be super hardcore.

What do you mean by hardcore?

Heavy grooves, lifaafat sounds. Possibly more dance-oriented beats. Mainly all the drumming is acoustic drumming, although it might be heavily treated or generally "faked out" But there is one track that uses an 808 drum machine. That's such great machines, they are so conducive to being creative, especially for an electronic instrument. It's that analogue style, you just turn it on and twist a couple of knobs and in a couple of minutes you have a groovy pattern.

Well, anything else you want to add before we wrap it up and head home?

CITR has had a lot to do with the history and development of Twilight Circus. Especially now that I live in Europe—there is no college radio network. I really see how important that is in North America to exposing people to a lot of music that they otherwise wouldn't hear and generating a lot of ideas in people who might later go on to making their own music. I think it's underrated and under-appreciated. You all deserve a pat on the back! CITR was highly influential. I remember this dub special on "The Rockers Show" on CITR in about 1981. I still have this cassette tape. When I go back and listen to it I realize that it was so influential in my early development in my ideas... I was listening to this tape like five billion times. It's kind of funny, sitting here almost 20 years later, getting interviewed.

Ryan Moore's work as Twilight Circus Dub Soundsystem can be found on M Records. His latest album is called Dub Voyage. The latest Legendary Pink Dots album is called A Perfect Mystery. *



many things at once. So I started going for the DJ style thing: selecting tracks, blending them, focusing on the vibe of the crowd. What sort of gigs do the Pink Dots get in Europe?

The Pink Dots is one of the few rock bands that is still capable of touring on the club circuit and drawing enough people to keep getting invited back. Playing for 150 people on average [in Europe] and 3-500 in the States with a lot of hysteria and excitement.

So why did you jump out of the crowd, yelling "I'm from Spuzzum" in the Vancouver show?

On the tour I was just in the States with the Dots and DVOA and Twilight Circus Soundsystem doing DJ appearances on about half the dates, I was invited to play drums with DVOA. As any tour progresses, mental disintegration starts to set in. Things start to take on new meanings... different elements come in to play. We were playing a show in California, in Santa Ana, and for some reason I just had the impulse

they somehow manage to work without too much friction. In that sense, it is quite surprising that it works given the amount of freakiness and extremeness of the personalities involved. The added chemistry of Mark Spybey and DVOA created a lot of craziness and laughing out heads off driving around all day to the shows. The image of the albums—gloominess and spookiness is balanced out by the side no one sees: all of us driving down the highway laughing our asses off.

Where do you see your dub music going? There is a

in a classic reggae, old-fashioned dub direction, which is kind of funny.

Have you heard of the Maurizio/Chain Reaction material coming out of Germany?

Yeah, totally. I kind of dig the aesthetic and the sound of what they are doing. It even sounds like electronic African music. A



SEPTEMBER LISTINGS

Friday, Sept. 1
Shan Sells/Shan Sounds
Tour 2001
with guests
Artists from Montreal
The Kingpins w/ JUNKY
The Kingpins

Saturday, Sept. 3
F.U.B.A.R.
Monday, Sept. 4
Spiral Recording Artists
The John Doe Thing
with guests
Chris Houston
a Evan Jones

Wednesday, Sept. 6
Jazz Dots w/ David
Jazz Dots
with guests
Sue Muelke,
Laurel Barker, Nadine
Davenport, Kim Kuzma,
Mark James Fortin &
Wayne McKimming

Friday, Sept. 8
Sonic Union Recording Artists
Jebediah
w/ guests

Wednesday, Sept. 13
GORE Productions Presents
Exit This Side
w/ guests
The Switch
& Ebor & Todd

Friday, Sept. 15
Columbia Recording Artist
Mike Watt
with guests
Advance to available @ Zulu, Hightle,
Black Swan, Noise, Scratch &
Singles Going Steady

Wednesday, Sept. 20
Budding Entertainment Presents
21 CIGARETTES
with guests
Advance to available @ Zulu, Hightle,
Black Swan, Noise, Scratch &
Singles Going Steady

Thursday, Sept. 21
Job Cuttin
with guests
dubreqe

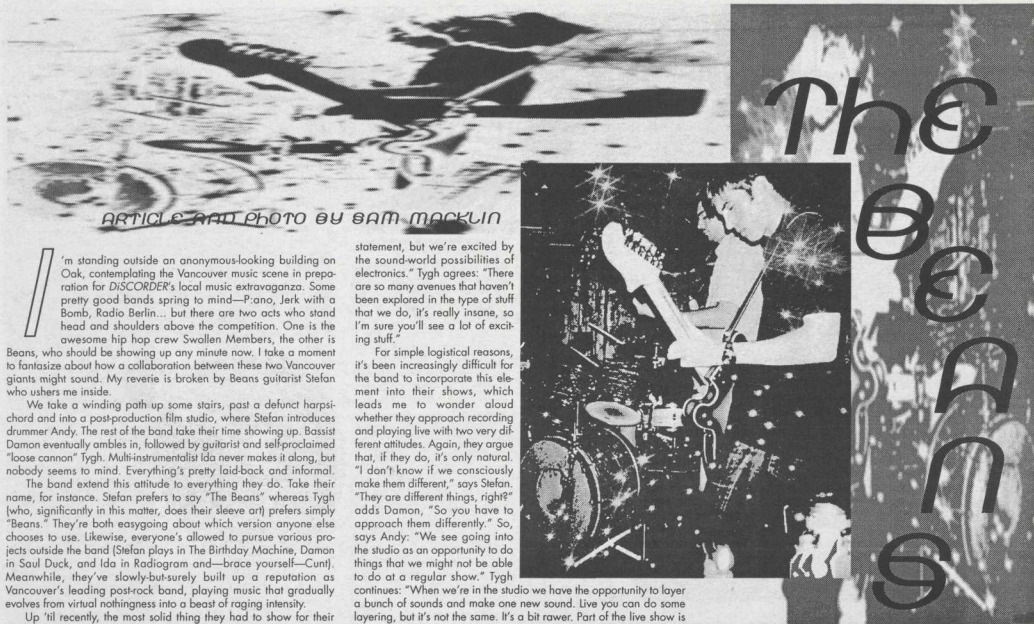
Friday, Sept. 22
Thrill Jockey Recording Artists
Frank A
with guests Laddio Balacoo
Advance to available @ Zulu, Hightle,
Black Swan, Noise, Scratch &
Singles Going Steady

Monday, Sept. 25
The Posies (Acoustic)
with guests
Melvin Mcane
Advance to available @ Zulu, Hightle,
Black Swan, Noise, Scratch &
Singles Going Steady

Wednesday, Sept. 27
Budding Entertainment Presents
Devil's Tower
with guests
Advance to available @ Zulu, Hightle,
Black Swan, Noise, Scratch &
Singles Going Steady

Friday, Sept. 29
The Vancouver Sound Community
Concert Series Presents
The Clumsy
Lovers

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ARTICLE AND PHOTO BY SAM MACKLIN

I'm standing outside an anonymous-looking building on Oak, contemplating the Vancouver music scene in preparation for DISCORD's local music extravaganza. Some pretty good bands spring to mind—Piano, Jerk with a Bomb, Radio Berlin... But there are two acts who stand head and shoulders above the competition. One is the awesome hip hop crew Swollen Members, the other is Beams, who should be showing up any minute now. I take a moment to fantasize about how a collaboration between these two Vancouver giants might sound. My reverie is broken by Beams guitarist Stefan who ushers me inside.

We take a winding path up some stairs, past a defunct harpischord and into a post-production film studio, where Stefan introduces drummer Andy. The rest of the band takes their time showing up. Bassist Damon eventually ambles in, followed by guitarist and self-proclaimed "loose cannon" Tygh. Multi-instrumentalist Ida never makes it along, but nobody seems to mind. Everything's pretty laid-back and informal.

The band extends this attitude to everything they do. Take their name, for instance. Stefan prefers to say "The Beams" whereas Tygh [who, significantly in this matter, does their sleeve art] prefers simply "Beams." They're both eschewing about which version anyone else chooses to use. Likewise, everyone's allowed to pursue various projects outside the band [Stefan plays in The Birthday Machine, Damon in Saul Duck, and Ida in Radiogram and—brace yourself—Cunt]. Meanwhile, they're slowly-but-surely built up a reputation as Vancouver's leading post-rock band, playing music that gradually evolves from virtual nothingness into a beast of raging intensity.

Up 'til recently, the most solid thing they had to show for their efforts was the LP *Portage*, which came out in 1998. Right now, though, The Beams seem to be building up quite a momentum in their rate of activities. They're a new EP called *Snow in California* (label Zum Media, which is being distributed across North America). They're promoting it with a two-week tour at the end of August, which will take them right down to Cali.

In addition to stepping up their musical activities, The Beams are branching out into film. They're in this studio to work on the soundtrack for an independent feature film, called *Red Deer*, and are planning an evening for the *Blinding Light* Cinema. They're very tight-lipped about the latter project, which will reach fruition on October 14. All Tygh will say about it is: "It's a performance about an experimental film maker."

In spite of trying to juggle all of this with work and/or school, they don't seem to be having much trouble maintaining their relaxed collective demeanor. After spending a little time in the presence of this, it becomes clear why Beams never get bogged down in the post-faceness that afflicts many similarly atmospheric guitar groups. "It's just like an extension of us hanging out," says Stefan, locating the source of the sly humour that gives much-needed moments of levity to the band's music. "I remember, when we started, humour was definitely something we wanted to get in there," Tygh admits, "I hope it comes through." But like everything they do, how they realize this has more to do with their friendship as individuals than any conscious collective decision-making process. "When we play live, I just have to close my eyes because as soon as I look at Andy, or something, I just start laughing," says Damon. "It's not that it's funny, it's just that I'm having fun. I just get super happy." Tygh adds: "If you're having a laugh attack, you're, like, 10 steps closer to starting to cry. You're opening yourself up, so maybe it's like an unconscious device—I don't know." Damon agrees: "They're both good."

The same unceremonious approach is, surprisingly, at the heart of the band's multi-textured sound, which extends the normal guitar-band lineup with Ida's piano, accordion, and trumpet, a battery of electronics and various loud sounds. It's amazing that such rich results can stem from a relatively thoughtless process. If Stefan is to be believed, though, it's all down to the fact that the band members share a lot of love of "sounds." Tygh is particularly excited by the possibilities of pointing with a broad sonic palette. "It affects the way you perceive the music, so you're listening through those sounds, not necessarily picking up harmonies and stuff," he enthuses. "It's like there's a door creaking, and you don't even realize it, or it's certain frequencies affecting you."

Andy is especially interested in the possibilities thrown up in this area by new technology: "I don't know if we're making any kind of

statement, but we're excited by the sound-world possibilities of electronics," Tygh agrees: "There are so many avenues that haven't been explored in the type of stuff that we do, it's really insane, so I'm sure you'll see a lot of exciting stuff."

For simple logistical reasons, it's been increasingly difficult for the band to incorporate this element into their shows, which leads me to wonder aloud whether they approach recording and playing live with two very different attitudes. Again, they argue that, if they do, it's only natural. "I don't know if we consciously make them different," says Stefan. "They are different things, right?" adds Damon. "So you have to approach them differently." So, says Andy: "We see going into the studio as an opportunity to do things that we might not be able to do at a regular show." Tygh continues: "When we're in the studio we have the opportunity to layer a bunch of sounds and make one new sound. Live you can do some layering, but it's not the same. It's a bit rawer. Part of the live show is that you have bodies in the same room playing music and people interacting on a chance level. Their internal organs are being affected by the frequencies that we're putting out there. It's a direct conversation."

I suggest that, with such an attitude, it must be important for them to make every show unique. Once again, Damon agrees: "We don't plan it, we just do it. We don't consciously do it, we just like to have fun and enjoy whatever we're doing at the time. If we're working on new stuff, we'll try that." For most bands, extending The Beams' laid-back philosophy to live performance might be impractical. It's hard enough to get a well-drilled set of established material to work in most venues, let alone to try anything spontaneous on a whim. Luckily Beams have managed to establish a special relationship with post Granville venue The Sugar Refinery's proprietor Steve. "Steve was pretty nice to us," says Andy. "He's a great man." Tygh reminisces about Steve's role in the last Beams tour: "He was with us and did, like, most of the driving, documented everything, made sure we got paid or else kicked their asses, cleaned the van. He's a workaholic support machine."

He's also created a deliciously garlicky-scented little space, ideal for the band's improvisationally expanded songs. "We're into the way that everyone's sharing the space," says Stefan. "That room is full of art," adds Tygh. "Steve's approach is to rearrange the layout on a daily basis. He's continually painting new colours on the walls and the artwork's continually changing. It's a really good environment." Andy continues: "We feel comfortable there too. We know what to expect—what power outlets are going to go out—and we know the people there, so it's never tense. We can pace it however we want to and play whatever we want to." The connection is extremely well established—Stefan suggests they may have played there over 100 times, and the band even recommends the venue's astonishing Pasta Rafael on the sleeve of *Tired Show*.

What makes the relationship between Beams' music and The Sugar Refinery so magical is that the band and the venue share an awkward-but-intoxicating intimacy. It had previously occurred to me that, on parts of *Portage* in particular, the Beams' intimate sound is quite powerfully erotic. Thankfully, I'm not the only one to have come to this conclusion. "One of the best comments I've heard after a show was: 'Man that one song you played was like the soundtrack to the best fuck I ever had,'" laughs Tygh. "I loved that, man." Damon admits: "I'd always hoped that *Portage* would be the best album to make love to. Someone told me that it had been their make-out album all last year." Tygh cuts in enthusiastically: "That's success, right there!"

Beams are such a great band that one can't help but hope that they achieve success of a more lucrative nature. Whatever the case, it

seems likely that they'll go from strength to strength artistically. This suspicion is confirmed towards the end of the interview when I "less up" to Beams/Swollen Members crossover fantasy. To my great surprise Tygh seems to think the idea has potential. "I like those guys," he says. "There's been other rap groups in town that have got some notoriety, whose pretentiousness inhibited any crossover, but they're not like that." It turns out that The Beams are huge hip hop fans and Tygh regards the form as "a huge influence," though, as Andy puts it, "not in a concentrated form." Andy and Tygh once tried to put together a hip hop-centric tune, complete with their own rapping, but Stefan vetoed it. "It was really bad," Andy admits, "but it was strictly two guys totally enamored with hip hop and wanting to share it with people."

Mental scars left over from this experiment, along with the band's all-encompassing avoidance of contrivance, may inhibit any further excursions into rap city but their enthusiasm for hip hop counts for a lot. It puts them more in league with obscure-first-wave UK post-rock acts like Bark Psychosis than with the tediously *Slim*-based North American bands of today (with whom they share some superficial similarities). As I leave the studio, I feel a wave of optimism. The sun is shining and the sky is wide open. While their music will probably retain its dusky, inconspicuous sound, the open-minded irreverent spirit behind it will soar. The Beams to even greater heights of vertiginous creativity. You really should be along for the ride. ■

SOME OF BEAMS' FAVOURITE VANCOUVER BANDS

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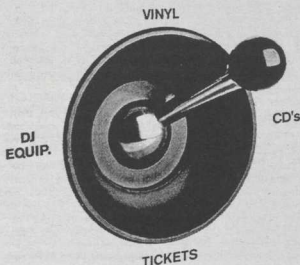
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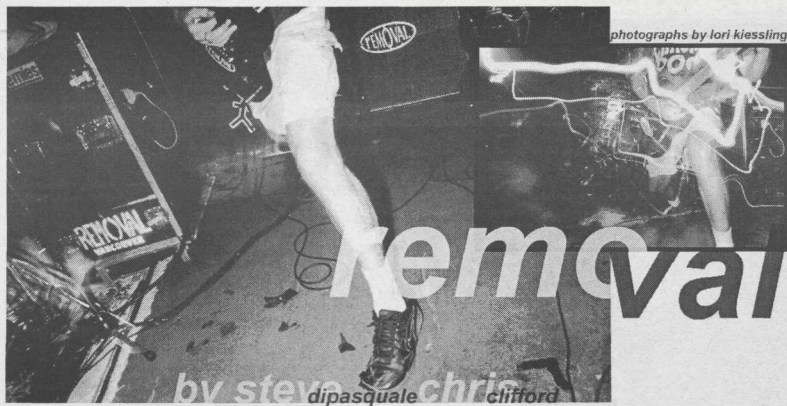
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Exuding a distinct, but nonetheless mysterious, aroma of cat piss, the backstage lounge at The Brickyard provided an appropriately palatial setting for a chat with nomadic, ex-pat metal trio removal.

DISORDER: How did Removal start? What was the first gig/recording that you did here in Vancouver?

Ernie: We recorded our first album before we ever played our first show. I own a studio in town called Big Midget, and we recorded it there. These guys are long time high school friends, and I'm a transplant from San Francisco where I met Bill when he was in Chrome Dog.

How did you guys hook up with Wrong records?

E: Yeah, we played some shows with them [Nomeansno], and we sent them our first record, and they were interested in putting it out so they did.

And you guys just did a tour with Nomeansno?

E: Yeah, we did the West Coast with them, and we've done dates in Western Canada, too... and we're doing some European shows with them, and also the rest of the States in November.

How did you hook up with Konkurrent to do your first album with them?

E: It's not actually on Konkurrent, it's on a record label called Smoof, which is a guy who left Konkurrent to start his own record label—it's on his label. And we know him cuz it's Nomeansno's deal there, too.

You've made the decision to release ten 7"s all with guest appearances, all from people in Vancouver, is that right? Are they all from Vancouver?

E: No, no one else is going to be from Vancouver that I know of. The first two, [Rob Wright and Chi Pig], happened to be people from here, that's not just a coincidence. We actually had the idea about a year or two ago and couldn't really do it cuz we didn't have any money [and now] thanks to The Melvins, they've ruined our idea—they put out those three records with singers now, or that one with singers, so whatever... we're gonno do it anyway!

And what about the lack of vocals—I don't have a problem with it, but some people have mentioned it—like, "Hey, why don't you have vocals?"

E: We don't care about them.

That makes two of us. So if you're not influenced by Nomeansno, then who would you cite? More Black Sabbath or Slayer or Iron Maiden?

E: All of our influences you've never heard of, we're that cool. We're so cool that we're influenced by bands that you wouldn't know.

Okay, onto Vancouver now, and the city

that you say doesn't love you as a band. Why do you think that is, and what's the problem?

E: Well, we're not really interested in trying to figure it out, it's not like it's... it's kind of a bug up our butt, but at the same time we don't really mind. It's not a huge thing. I mean, Vancouver is not really a great leader in music, it's a great follower in music, in my opinion, and I don't think that the scene here is structured for independent bands to do well. I think it's structured for major label bands to do well if they're from here.

I've seen your video on MuchMusic. Why the Nietzsche quote [in the video]?

E: That wasn't our idea, that was the guy who made the video. I don't know why he used that one, just cuz it's a popular one everybody would know, and you can reverse it, so it's funny... [deadpan] ha, ha.

How do you choose the samples that you use?

Bill: Sit down, listen to 'em and laugh. They're funny. **E:** I mean, we're not always using humor, but if we think they fit the music well or we like the way that they sound, that's a part of it, how they fit in the music. There's no criteria. The only criteria we do have is that they can't be popular. We already made that one mistake with Ravenz, cuz Ravenz is popular, but I didn't really know that since I'm not from Canada.

You say that you don't care about vocals, which is fine with me, but then you've chosen to release ten 7"s with people doing vocals. Do you think that vocals get in the way of your music?

E: It's a contrived, money-making, publicity stunt. Well, we could have gotten you to sing for us, but we obviously got people that people know so that's pretty obvious [what] the reason is. The reason is that it's another outlet for our creativity—it means that we can put out things between records and records that are, you know... **B:** Not just two more songs. **E:** Yeah, we can keep putting out things and being artistic and creating things, and it's also fun cuz those guys are people that we know. So far, we've used people that we know and we like; the upcoming people are a little further away from us.

How's your studio going?

E: It's going good when I'm here cuz we're touring a lot, so I'm not always there. I have a couple engineers that work out of it so...

You've picked up some new gear? Is that what you were saying earlier?

E: Well, I have the computer, I've got my 16-track analog, and I've got this 16 tracks Digital. I just picked up a new pair of speakers the other day that are nice. I'm pretty much at the end of buying because unless we want to move into the realm of the huge studios, it's like chasing the monkey: you'll

just never buy enough gear and never have all the things. We have enough to do what we need, I have my computer and it's pretty much bottomed out. Plus we're in debt so...

What about the choice to release on vinyl rather than CD? The 7" now, as I see it, has just slowly become more and more obsolete, for better or worse.

E: Well, a lot of people call it a vanity pressing—which I think it is, to a certain degree—and it's really difficult to make money unless you have big names involved. That's another justification for using people that will sell records besides us. But it's fair enough that if you put a singer on that record and somebody buys it cuz of that singer and the B-side is a song of a band they've never heard before... I think that's a way to get them to hear something that they wouldn't otherwise have heard. There are so many 7"s, so many bands that are getting pushed—I mean, it's subversive in a way, but it makes it easy for people to buy something and hear us without having to gamble on a record that they know nothing about.

Is the new record going to be on vinyl?

E: As far as I know... **B:** In Europe. **E:** We don't know, it might be in Europe cuz they do a lot... **B:** They do a lot of that in Europe.

Would it be on Wrong or with this...?

E: Wrong isn't really in Europe as far as I know. I believe I can speak about this because the deal is done, but everything that's on Wrong records is now going to be available through Southern in Europe, which is a pretty big label, and our record is coming out on Southern, too. So it'll be available that way, and we're hoping they'll pick up the 7"s as well, but we don't know about that.

And do you like touring or do you find it taxing and annoying?

E: Love it to death. **B:** It gets better all the time. **E:** We couldn't tour, I don't know what we'd do. I mean, I've always loved it. That's my favourite thing.

Driving in the van?

E: No. [Unanimous laughter.] **B:** Sometimes driving's alright, when it's not 115 degrees. **E:** As long as they play good Barry Manilow songs on the radio... A lot of bands around here or in Canada, we've done tours with them. Another Joe, Choke, The Smalls. Those guys wind up always being friends of ours, and a lot of times they have people that they stay with on previous tours and stay with them, too, I prefer that. And you always end up finding good breakfast places, too, through them.

And who do those other bands stay about Vancouver? I know that The Smalls aren't from here and Another Joe is from here aren't they?

B: Well, I just went to The Smalls show last Sunday.

Were you there?

No, I was at the show at The Commodore, with Punchdrunk.

B: Well, this was Strapping Young Lad and The Smalls just right over here in that vacant lot on Hastings Street. It's outside, it's a beautiful, sunny day, and it started at two in the afternoon. Nobody there. Perfect place. How many years have people bitched that nothing interesting or fun ever happens in Vancouver? Here's a gig with [these two bands] playing on Hastings Street in a vacant lot—it was a little price, but even so, you could stand in the alley, and there were nobody there. **E:** Vancouver, it seems to me, is missing this middle part—there's all the full-on dirt rock bands at like, the Cobalt, you know, those type of venues, all the bottom feeders, if you want to call them that—and there's this huge mid-section of independents that's missing, and then you get to Nickelback and Jar and Matthew Good, you know, just at the bottom of the major label barrel. But there's this huge middle spot and in my opinion, there's nobody that really pays attention to that, but that's a skewed view because I sort of think that because we've been ignored. I'm sure if you ask, they think that Vancouver is the greatest place on Earth and probably think that the DISORDER is the greatest magazine on Earth... we disagree. People come out in droves when Superchuck or Tortoise, some band in the US—maybe those are two bad examples cuz they're big albums and they've been around for awhile. I remember when I first moved here in '95 I would go to local shows and there would be nobody there... and there's a lot of good bands, I think. Then you go to the Starfish for a name—and they have to be on an oh-so-cool record label from the States—and it sells out. I don't know why that is in Vancouver, but that's the way it is.

What were things like when the Town Pump was still kicking? It, before it was Sonar?

E: From my perspective then, it was the opposite of what we have to deal with now. In town, years ago, we used to never play a gig for less than four or five hundred bucks, ever. And not only would we get paid, but everybody made money, everybody's happy, it's all good, right? **E:** It's pointless for us to go to live in it out when we can just expand our energy playing places that will open the door immediately to us, and we're happy to do that. I mean, I think Vancouver is a fine city, it's just that we've had a few troubles with it and it didn't work out for us here... other places like we worked out, so we go back there.

And it's fine being based out of a city that has these sorts of problems for you?

B: Well, it motivates you to leave, it motivates you to go on the road and the fact is that if you live here, you have no choice but to leave and to go on a little more of an extended trip even because you're not in the middle of the country. Like, if you live in Winnipeg you can do two weeks to Ontario and two weeks to Vancouver and back and have a comfortable after-life, but when you live here you pretty much gotta make a stretch anywhere, anywhere you go. So that's good. It separates the wheat from the chaff: either you're gonna get a van that works and your shit together and go and tour and try to do something or be limited by the geography of the place. **E:** And that's the downfall of a lot of bands. **B:** The geography is really harsh. I know so many bands that go on their first tour, "their first show! It's in Calgary!" and they get to Roger's Pass and the van dies... and I've known a lot of bands that's happened to it. Or bands that book a whole tour of the West Coast and they get to the border and they're shut down. We have two: you have the mountains and you have the border. Unless you're playing in Prince George, I think you're fucked.

I'm sure you'll find things a lot easier in Europe where you can travel 100km and be in a completely different, major centre. E: Or even the East Coast, I mean, I've been in Baltimore to New York, two hours to Washington and two hours to Philadelphia. I mean, that's where you can make some impact.

And not be so tired.

E: And not spend so much money on gas. *



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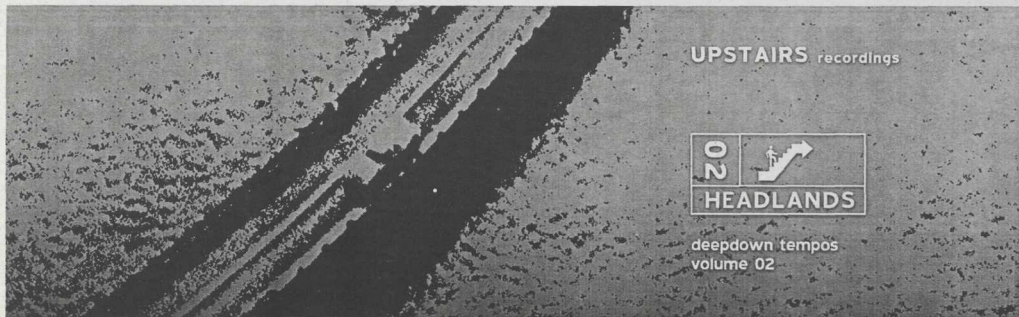
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13 DISORDER

local knobs

By Tobias

It's not called "electronic." I just wanted to say that before we really start. "Electronica" is some lame tagline that mainstream media uses because they don't know the difference between house and jungle. And it ain't all "techno" either. Techno comes from Detroit, just as House comes from Chicago. Okay, lesson over. Now, the following producers are not the established ones, like Phil Western, Stephane Novak, and Ryan Moore. These are the people on the up-and-up. Without further ado, here's an incomplete whirlwind tour of who's creating the sounds of the future right here in Vancouver. (Apologies to all who will be inevitably excluded, but c'est la vie, carpe diem, yadda yadda).

Ben Neville

is originally from Winnipeg, the land of indie-rock. Yet as soon as he heard the sounds of house music, he was hooked. As a producer, he was inspired by the amount of control he could have over his own music. "I didn't need to organize people and to have to go through all the shit of getting people to play certain things at certain times and having to collaborate on things," Ben says in an on-the-spot phone interview. Ben calls what he makes "house music" but also considers it to be a Chicago feel to the more German urban-dub music. "Give it enough of a push so it can be used on the dancefloor," is the way he describes it, while he cites his influences as the Germans, Chicago, and Detroit. Neville considers himself involved in "the culture of sound-art." He works for Cycling74 along with

Kit Clayton (SF dub-techno producer on -scape, Cytrax, Delay) as a developer for the graphic-oriented sound synthetics software, Max/MSP. He currently has a track called "Designer Drugs" on the Nordic Trax compilation *Necessary Pieces 2* which should be on the shelves as you read this. Adamant about his music, Neville says his main inspiration comes from "rolling around in rotting royal jelly while rubbing my stark, white, Ultramarine-tinted body with raw liver." www.saul.com

Primordial Nature

aka the Sci-Fi Witchdoctor, aka Noah Bouditt, had just come back from playing a full-moon party on the Sunshine Coast when I spoke to him. Gracing Vancouver with his presence for several years as a local producer who brings his shows to the masses as a Live PA, Noah cites his influences as Canadian minimalist Richie Hawtin and the harder, drum-style techno of the Italians and the Belgians. Signed to Phatt Phunk records, Noah's music is moving towards what he describes as "driving, polyrhythmic music with an expansive sound." In the techno and downtempo realms. He has two tracks on the Nordic Trax compilation *Necessary Pieces 2* under the moniker FSP, an album coming out this winter on Phatt Phunk, and a 12" release ("Origins EP") on Phatt Phunk's Red label. How did he get into it? "I played musical instruments, guitar and bass guitar. I went to an underground party in 1995 and was stimulated by the music, and I decided to make a point to move towards that sound." www.phatphunk.com

Clone

is a member of Mediocre.org, an affiliation of producers, visu-

al artists, and DJs who delve into the realms of hardcore, noise, and sonic-experimentalism. His latest sonic offering, "Alchemy," can be found on the CBC's 120seconds.com in the "Beats" section, with visuals by Mediocre.org artist Marlyn. He also has tracks on v1.0, the Mediocre.org compilation CDR, upcoming beat-related tracks on the Darkstep list and r.i.p., and the System compilation CDRs. The short-spoken Clone calls the sounds he makes "live noise/ambience and dark, computer-enabled soundscapes," with influences ranging from "hard/disonant guitar-based bands, last hour or so of Brave New Waves, ritualistic meditation music/chanting" to "friends, the internet" and "technology, failure, frustration, socio-socio conservatism, spiritual yearning, [and] success."

Another Mediocre.org-affiliated musician,

Bad Feng Shui

creates "kind of frugally produced, uh... audio quest for coherence." When I asked what that means, Shui explained how he started: "Just kind of accidentally fooling around with trackers, listened to a lot of classical

music, messed around with creating electronic music mixing weird kind of elements that don't usually get mixed. Did some stuff that was kind of noise-ish with samples of jazz and classical and what ever... kind of funny at the time. Got more into it and basically did stuff for a few years before releasing anything." Right. Shui's material moves from broken-beats with political samples, as witnessed at the -STC- Musical Resistance event during Mayworks, to what Shui sees as his musical future: "trying to be more improvisational, more soundscapes, doing conceptual albums, overall kind of stuff." This is not surprising given that Shui's influences are Throbbing Gristle, The Orb, The Dead Kennedys and, of course, classical music. Along with other Mediocre.org musicians, Shui's material can be found on the Mediocre.org v1.0 CDR, on 120seconds.com in the "Beats" section, and on mp3.com.

Thomas Greenwood

Has been producing since the late '80s, working with

Ecoplex for a while, and then working solo, creating tracks focused on "repetitive, intelligent, funky, deep, hard, and experimental techno." Greenwood has too many influences to list, but he says that I have to mention Slowdive for sure. So there! (He also mentions Algorithm.) He started virginaly young: "I used to go to a music store everyday after school when I was 12 and learn from the people that worked there. [I] then convinced my mother to buy me an Ensonic ESQ-1 (synth/8-track sequencer). I used my mom's stereo, which was really good for the time, and began taping everything I did. Then I got my first job and bought a drum machine (lr-505), a sampler (700), and a sound module (Yamaha TX187) and continued..."

Yup. He has lots of tracks on mp3.com.

Hailing from Victoria and known for their incredible live sets at venues like the Neptune Sound Bar,

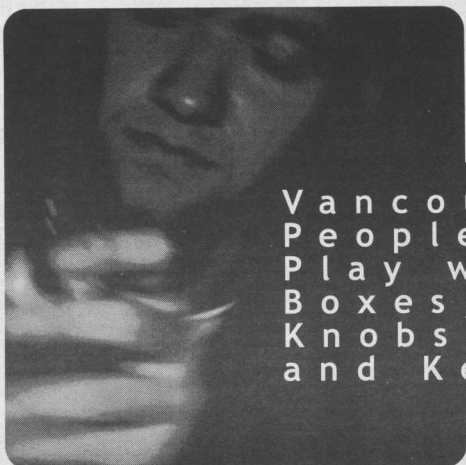
Cobblestone Jazz

is composed of Danuel, Tyger

Dhula, and Mat Jonson. Tyger spoke of everyone's diverse influences: "Danuel is into free and improvised jazz, and Mat comes from a d'n'b and techno background." Tyger himself is one of Victoria's finest house and techno DJs. Together, they really thrive off "the excitement of [live] creation... a lot of it is exploration, trying to play off of what each other is doing—that's where the jazz element is coming in." They started playing live together two years ago. Danuel and Tyger had been working together for six years and "then Mat came along and was able to do a lot of real-time drum programming... so Dan said 'let's do some live shows.'" Expect two CDs of live Cobblestone Jazz performances out soon, and you can catch their produced material under different guises on the Garden City Dubs CD.

Q

was up playing the Sunshine Coast when this article was being written, which attests to their popularity, and our inability to get any commentary. Melding the sounds of house music, improv jazz, and experimentation, Q is a "funk-jazz" band like no other, playing many a gig at the Chameleon over the past two years. Many know Jess,



Vancouver People Who Play with Boxes, Knobs, and Keys.

the drummer, who back in his Dling days rocked many a house party. (And I don't mean a house. I mean House, fools.)

Velvet

These live-improv house musicians incorporate turntables, a sporadic jazz-lounge singer, live African drums, and keyboards into their live act which is best described as a house-music version of a James Brown-jam. Another incredible live act out of Victoria, they also have a release, *Funky Dancer*, on Digniti records.

Math Genius

Producing broken beats and ambient-scapes, Math Genius has established a reputation in the ambient scene by playing live at many an infamous TeamLounge.com gathering, as well as down the Left Coast at anarcho-music gatherings like the Phoenix Festival.

Third Eye Tribe

Incorporating elements of dub, hip hop, jungle, and techno, Third Eye Tribe has gone places with its unique and very west-coast dub-MC sound, including playing at the infamous Static night in San Francisco as well as in Belgium, Norway, and Germany. Composed of founder MC Jacob, rapper Jeet K Da Tripmaster, drummer Robby Chirsinoft, and diva Caitlin Simpson, the Tribe has worked with Kinzie Starr, Twilight Circus Dub Soundsystem, cEVIN Key of Skinny Puppy fame, and King Cob Steele, and has tracks on the *Hard Core Logo* compilation and *Nordic Trax*. MC Jacob says that he is constantly exploring a lot of different styles of music, but really goes for "a deep bassline...having a sort of richness." That richness is evident in his influences: "Mad Professor, dancehall reggae, hip hop. Nomesans taught me the ideas of grooves and repetition." So how did the current pastiche that is the Tribe get together? "Robby I've been working with for quite some time, I've been working with Jeet K for about three years. He's got me exploring the hip hop side of me. Caitlin saw me at a gig and approached me and said 'I want to work with you.' When we were touring through Norway, she met a man and fell in love and now she's moving there in a month and a half."

www.thirdeyetribe.bc.ca

Veloce

Jane, the soft-spoken-with-a-light-British-accent-vocalist, explained to me how Veloce evolved out of the now defunct

ambient-visual-extravaganza Perfume Tree. "We evolved in the summer of 1999 from Perfume Tree," she says. "What we are doing is more minimal than PT, more electronic, more geared towards dance, and still evolving. We had been doing PT for a long time, and were feeling stuck. It was creating restrictions to what we were doing." Jane and Peter from PT teamed up with Ian MacLachlan, who also worked on Perfume Tree's last album. "Ian had a very different background—minimal techno, Maurizio and things like that." Way back when, both Peter and Jane had been involved with GTR. "We did tape loops, looping beats onto reels, adding vocals, writing songs based on these things, and then that turned into doing our own programming, and it just sort of took off from there." Expect some Veloce records out soon. Past albums as Perfume Tree may still be hunted down on the now-defunct World Domination label, and more info and mp3s can be found at www.perfumetree.com.

There are, of course, many many more people making noises in this great city. A great place to find some of them is to go to blackholeclub.com, a collective of Vancouver-area producers including koolatron, pleasure frequency, jefree jon and digital. Then there are those folks on Vancouver labels NordicTrax.com, leatrecords.com, mapmusic.com, interchill.com, mediacore.org, shrumtribe.com, and

LowDown records. Live drum 'n' bass seems to be coming out of hocommunications.com recently, including live PA Boom Chops. Jay Tripwire has been quietly releasing tech-house material on Carlos Miguel's Seattle label eatHouse. There also seems to be a crew centring around Boomtown records, working on dub/deep-house music, including Wood, and single producers such as Kevin Bolston doing material at things like Industry & Agriculture's Open Circuits audiart festival at the Sugar Refinery (check out Industry & Agriculture on CTR 101.9FM, Monday 7:30-9pm on Pirate Radio). Ambient producers centre around events by teamlounge.com, including artists from UpstairsRecordings.com such as The Vebriili Soundsystem. Speaking of audiart/experimental non-music, check out Broken Record Chamber, shrumtribe.com's saioblatseiss, firstfloor.org's OMZ, Pirate Jenny, and many of the audio-artists currently working out of The Western Front (www.front.bc.ca). Hopefully this will give you a taste that will give you coming back more. Suck it in. *



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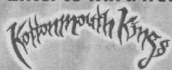
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Battle Axe Records

by Nat X

Despite the fact that Vancouver's hip hop scene is dominated by a bunch of posturing middle-class suburban white boys who like to call each other "my nigga" and try to talk ghetto, it's still somewhat gratifying to see underground hip hop expanding and thriving in the increasingly corporate environment of the music business. Independent music of any genre is vital to the growth of the music scene in any given city and even though it's usually sexist, homophobic, and often unselfconsciously racist, underground hip hop is an important element of Vancouver independent music. Battle Axe Records is one example of underground hip hop finding a place in the context of independent music in Vancouver. What originally started as a way for label founder Mad Child to release his own music has grown into an operation with a growing catalogue and a stable of artists from both sides of the border.

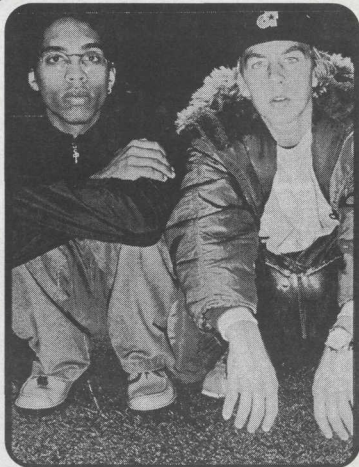
According to Mad Child, Battle Axe came into being in 1997 when Swollen Members was looking for a way to market their music. Rather than try to shop their skills around to whatever label

might show some interest, they came up with Battle Axe Records as a means to get their music out while still retaining total financial and creative control. As the first few Battle Axe releases began to show impressive sales, Mad Child started to think about signing other artists to the label. As a result, Battle Axe currently includes not only Swollen Members, Moka Only, LMNO, and Buck Fifty, but also San Diego's Mr. Brady. One thing about artist-run labels is that they tend to have a different approach to marketing music from those of faceless corporate monstrosities like the Universal Music Group, focusing more on creativity and originality than marketability and image, and this maxim certainly holds true for Battle Axe. Mad Child attributes the success of the label at least in part to it being something of a creative collective rather than an expression of one person's vision: "One thing about Battle Axe is that I believe 110% in any artist that I sign. Anyone who is on my label is part of the family and so we're trying to build it up together." He also credits the vibrant Vancouver hip hop scene as contributing to Battle Axe's success: "I think it's great, I think it's growing, and I think there's a lot of up and coming talented

young artists." The open and supportive relationships that Battle Axe cultivates with its artists have paid their dividends. Battle Axe artists have impressed hip hop icons like Mixmaster Mike, Del, Bahamadia, The Arsonists, Abstract Rude, Saafir, Funkdoobiest, Dilated Peoples, Divine Styler, and DJ Vadim enough to show up as collaborators on various projects. Not only that, Battle Axe is currently negotiating a North American distribution deal with Caroline and has secured a deal with DJ Vadim and his company Jazz Fudge to launch Battle Axe Europe.

I guess I'm starting to make them sound like "the little label that could," but in a way, that's not so far off, with 30,000 copies sold last year of both Swollen Members' *Balance* and the *Defenders of the Underworld* compilation. Battle Axe is still a small operation, run out of a False Creek home-office, but with about 10 albums ready to drop over the coming year from Mr. Brady, Swollen Members, LMNO, Moka Only, Buck Fifty, and Joey Chavez it looks like they might be movin' on up. *

For more information on Battle Axe releases check out their website at www.battleaxerecords.com.



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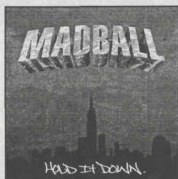
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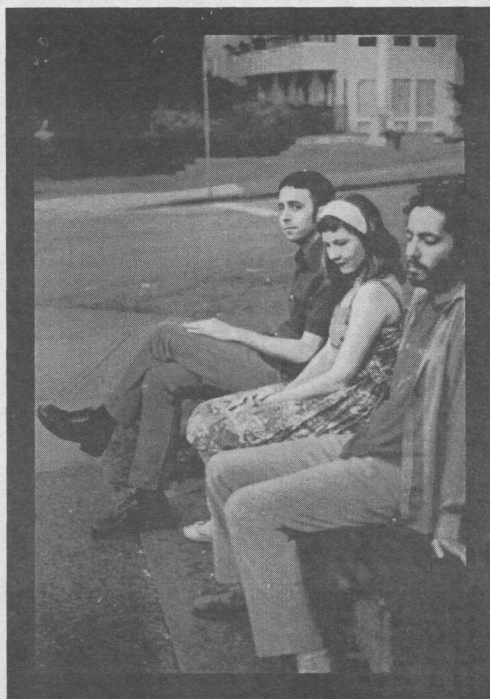
Vancouver Nights

Just in case you're not so in-the-know, the Vancouver Nights are where it's at. Better than that, they're where it's at globally. This Vancouver band, fronted by former Kreviss singer Sara Lapley and featuring Destroyer's Daniel Bejar and Copozzi Park's Steve Balogh, is not only hot on its home turf, but is creating a bit of a buzz on foreign shores. The band's first CD, scheduled for an early fall release on Endering records here in Canada, is already available to pop enthusiasts on Quattro Disc, a Japanese label which had the smarts to license the CD for some international action. Being popular overseas is pleasant, but the Nights are looking for a little hometown notoriety. Sure, they lost at SHINDIG! to The Salteens, and we all know how that can make or break a band; still, I can't help but feel there are big things in the works for them.

When asked about Vancouver Nights' past, present and future, Sara looks a little concerned. She's worried that she's going to be the one doing all of the talking. The Nights is her project, and it looks like she's accountable for the brief history report. Thankfully, Dan and Steve are not just passive musical accompanists, and both have more than a few things to say about what they think of the Nights life.

Sara's one of the many who came to Vancouver in the early nineties and got herself hooked up with the music scene. As a key member of Kreviss, Sara met more than a few movers and shakers of the west coast indie scene. Of Kreviss, Sara says it's her "lingering claim to fame, but it's so long past that I can't even claim it any more. We were a riot grrrl band, and we had a little bit of local fame." She's right about that. The band had a single out on then-fledgling Scratch label, and appeared on the first Kill Rock Stars compilation and on the International Pop Underground compilation as well. Like I said, Kreviss was where the action was at.

"We're in that K documentary that just came out," says Sara, rather nonchalantly. She's talking about *The Shield Around The K*, the recent documentary that chronicles Calvin Johnson and Candace Peterson and their little label that made it big. K should be familiar to most of you, thanks to the label's never-ending slew of hot releases. K helped to make Olympia the musical mecca that it is, and the film examines how and why that happened.



nineties, playing their rocked-up gospel tunes (recorded in pious white) to a sold-out crowd.

After the novelty of the Jesus-loving scene wore off (and I'm assuming it did), Sara slipped back out of the scene, continuing to write music, but not performing or really even organizing a band. Before there was the Vancouver Nights, there was Sara and her guitar; she's been writing these songs for years, and some of them are rather old, despite the fact that they're only coming out on CD for the first time now. "I hope they still stand," says Sara, of the songs that appear on the new album. Rest assured that if you heard these songs in their first incarnations, they probably sound more than a bit different. Changing musicians makes for changing music, and the added bonus of a fancy studio has left its mark on Sara's songs.

"The focus of the band is my song-writing, and getting the best possible music together around the songs," Sara explains. The musicians she's worked with over the past three and a half years have all added their own special flavours to her songs, but the structures remain the same. She knows what she wants her band to sound like and is confident of the directions the band is traveling in. Steve says that the band sounded pretty "shambolic" when it started out, and Dan agrees that the sound wasn't very clear. Comparisons to The Pastels may have been in order then, but no longer. The Vancouver Nights' sound, as presented on the album, is extremely clean—exactly the way Sara wants it to be.

Sara wants to keep the Nights sound simple, but the album's got more than a little bit of added finesse from her players. Dave Carswell and John Collins, both members of more bands than I've got room to mention here, recorded the album in their J/C/D/C studio and had their hands on more than just the mixing board. Without sounding too disappointed, Dan states that "it's actually impossible to try and recreate the sound of that record," due to the fact that Dave and John add some fancy guitar work that Dan doesn't even want to imitate. "I find a guitar chord and strum it." It doesn't get much more simple than that!

On this album, Sara's simple is a lush simple. The Nights sound rather '60s-vintage, with sweet female vocals layered over pleasant pop music. "I was writing this poppy stuff that some people would say was old-fashioned—but in a sense it's

by Julie Colero

opened. Kreviss got a bit of film-time thanks to their involvement in the International Pop Underground convention they played, along with *The Pastels*, *Nation of Ulisses*, Courtney Love (lois and co), not the famous Hole lady), and Beat Happening.

Kreviss, a multi-guitar female aural assault, was a kick-ass counterpart to the Vancouver trouble-makers known as Superconductor. When Kreviss fell apart, Sara, the lead singer and most motivated

member of the group, was expected to turn up in a new band pretty quickly. That didn't exactly work out. Sara took a step back from the scene, avoiding any big band action for almost five years. In between Kreviss and the Nights, she hooked up with Carl Newman of Superconductor and Zumpano and Mark Szabo of Good Horse and Copozzi Park to form Thee Crusaders. Their single on Scratch, rumoured to be the worst-selling record on the roster (Steve probably shouldn't have

revealed that, but he did!), is a fine collection of religious tunes done right. Keith Parry, Scratch owner and operator, stands behind Thee Crusaders' release one hundred percent, calling it "a great little record." He says that "no one really knew what to make of them, whether they were serious or not," but that the band really put its heart into the Christian compire songs it performed and recorded. The band's high point was an opening slot for Negativland at the Town Pump in the early

not because it's using all these computerized effects. If only they knew how done up it is..." Sara's not allowed to reveal any more about these effects, as Dan and Steve are quick to shush her. Some things are best kept secret, apparently, and the men don't want their credibility damaged... "In a way, I wish it was more Top 40 sounding. If I had more time and more money, I would have done it up lushier and more produced." Sara's ideals are

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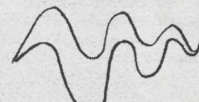
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bg18@yahoo.com

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Mark

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OF MODERNITY HAS TAUGHT US ANYTHING, IT'S THAT NO MAP IS NEUTRAL. WHEN WE WERE HERE AT DISORDER RESEARCH LABORATORIES SET OUT TO DOCUMENT A FRAGMENT OF VANCOUVER'S RECENT AND NOT-SO-RECENT MUSICAL PEDIGREE, WE DID SO WITH FULL KNOWLEDGE OF THE IMPLICATIONS OF OUR WORK. WE SAY IT LOUD AND CLEAR: THIS MAP IS INCOMPLETE.

BIASED.

**WE CAN SEE ONLY AS FAR AS
OUR OWN HISTORIES.**

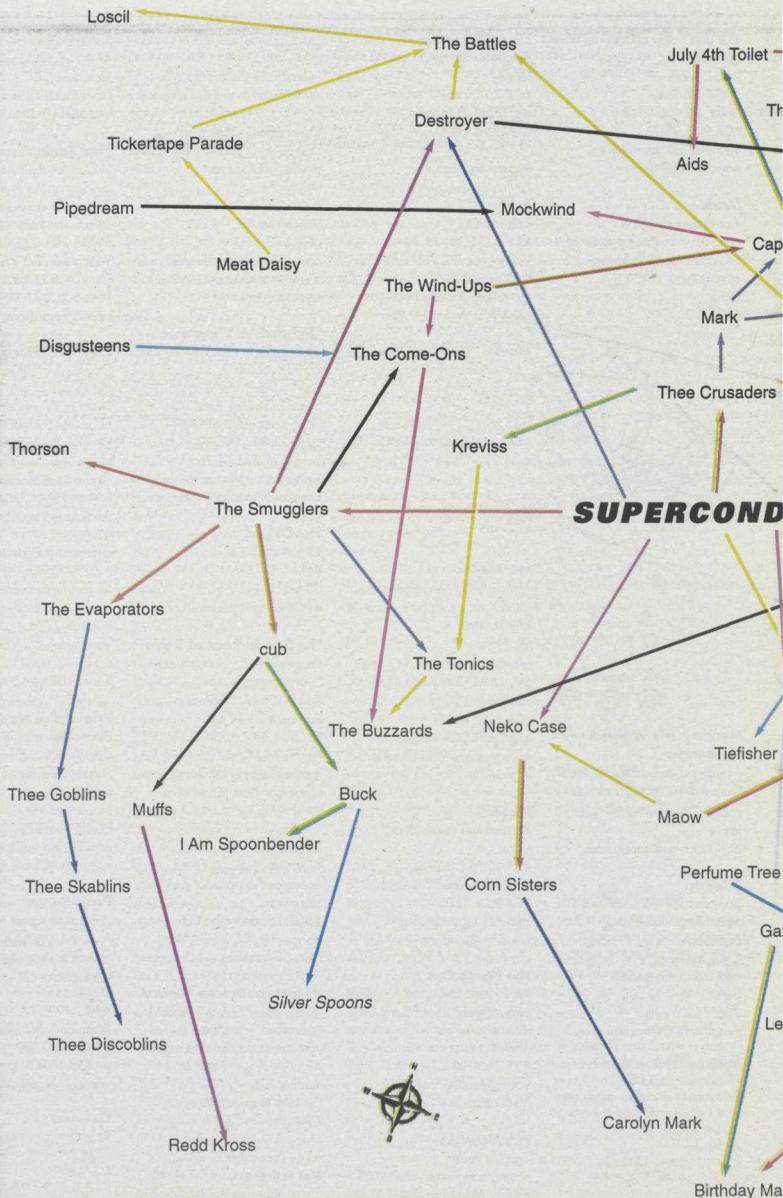
WHY DID WE CHOOSE TO PUT SUPERCONDUCTOR AT THE CENTRE OF THIS MAP? WE COULD HAVE CHOSEN ANY LOCAL BAND. THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE: WE WANTED AN EXCUSE TO REPUBLISH THIS PHOTO.

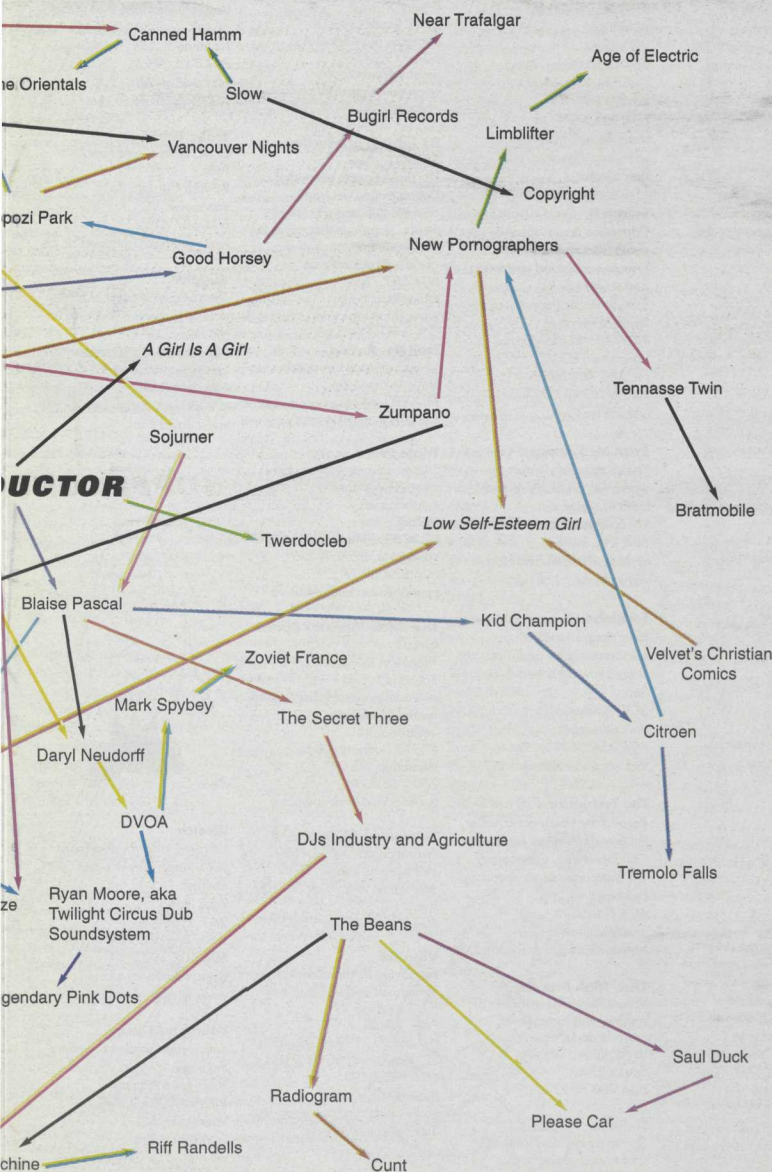


YOUR SISTERS IN SCIENCE.

H.K. APROPOS
M.Y. ADORNO
GEORGE ANDERSON

**DISORDER RESEARCH
LABORATORIES**





LEGEND

Generally, the coloured arrows follow the same person. This is what happened to some of the members of Superconductor. Drummer Keith Parry has filled in on the skins for Gaze and Neko Case. He's in a noise band whose name no one can remember. He is the man behind Scratch Records. Guitarist Sean Elliott is also a Scratch man, and his label, Cave Canem, has released Destroyer and Blaise Pascal records—among others. Sean and Keith had a short-lived band called Twerdocle which released one 7" with large breasts on it. Carl Newman is a music machine and has since played in 600 bands including The Crusaders, The New Pornographers, Zumpano, and Tennessee Twin. David Carswell and John Collins played with Superconductor on a tour with Guided By Voices. As well as playing in The Smugglers and the Evaporators, they operate JC/DC recording studio. Scott Gubbels is currently the keyboardist for Cappelz Park. The rest of the members of Superconductor have died. The research team at DISORDER could not dig up anything about them. Who are we kidding? We didn't even have shovels; we didn't try very hard. If Gunnar, Mike, Pat, Mike, or Cal feel left out, please write to Airhead and tell us about life after Superconductor. The last time the boys (well, seven of them anyway) got together was for a scene in Reg Markema's film *A Girl is a Girl*. Despite Robert Pollard's efforts, Superconductor has no reunion in sight. Jerks. Some of the connections on this map are not so obvious. Dave Carswell played drums for cub. Lisa Marr form cub plays in Buck. Corky Pidgeon, the drummer in Buck, made a few appearances on the '80s television show *Silver Spoons*. Lisa Marr married Ronnie Barnett of The Muffs. Roy McDonald played the drums for The Muffs and he was in Redd Kross. Carl Newman plays in Tennessee Twin with his wife, Cindy Wolfe, who is the twin sister of Alison Wolfe of Bratmobile. Alison once threw a maxi pad at Ian MacKaye of Fugazi, but we won't get into that. The majority of the bands at the end of the arrows are still active. Some of these bands have played only one show together. Some of these bands have changed their names. DISORDER Research Labs is not "happening." DISORDER Research Labs has left Vancouver for fear of being beat up by local bands.

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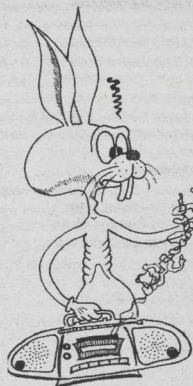
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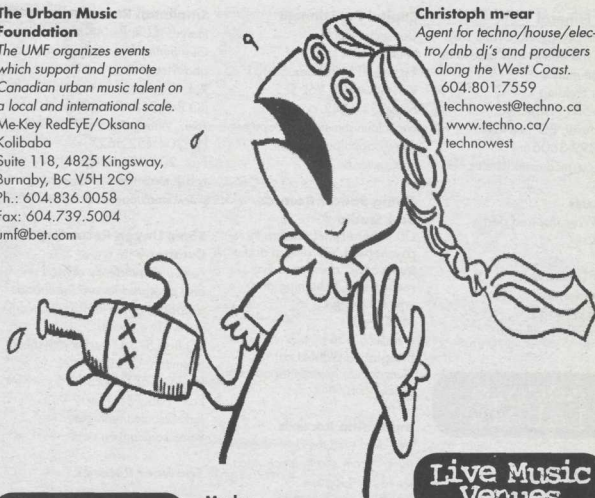
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not shared with the others. Steve believes that less is more, production-wise, while Dan sees some merit to insane production values. He's a fan of the possibility of playing with prog sounds, as is Sara. This secret was let slip, without the men censoring it—"I secretly want to be horribly prog."

As much as Dan wants us to believe that "there's this program on the iMac called the 'Sara Lapsley' that they just pressed a button for," the album is full of real live musicians, each and every one of them playing their hearts out. Glancing

now. Steve is my rock, and Dan is my constant support," Sara explains, as Dan adds "I thought you were going to say 'hard place.'" The Vancouver Nights band is made up of musicians with their hands on too many instruments, musicians who've got a lot on the go without adding another band to the mix. Dan can count five bands he's involved with (The Battles, Destroyer, The New Pornographers, The Vancouver Nights, and AIDS, which he refuses to elaborate on), as it's rumoured that "Dan will be in anybody's band..." and

photos by

through the liner notes, other players on the album were Shawn Mrazek (drums), Danny Fazio (bass), Bernie Arai (drums), and Scott Livingstone (drums)—that's on top of the five already mentioned! Even worse, the band's got a new guitarist lined up for its fall tour, Shane Nelken of The Come Ons. How did the band get so big? "I have had a lot of people playing in the band over the last three years. People have more commitments in their late twenties. It's been a struggle for me to keep my head above water. There are times when I've wished it would gel more easily, but it's going well

Steve's a busy man as well.

Sara seems like she's come to terms with the chaos. For the fall tour, the line-up will be Sara on piano and vocals, Steve on bass, Shane on guitar, and Bernie on drums. Sara thinks that they're "going to have a really hot tour ensemble, physically and musically." Dan's staying put at home, but doesn't sound too disappointed. The Nights are going to be touring across Canada and back through the States with Endearment label-mates The Saltines, which Sara and Steve believe will be a lot of fun. Dan looks rather cheerful when he says,



"I'm not going to be there, so I won't know how much fun it is."

The band is looking forward to meeting members of the always-dedicated Endearment fan-base that crisscrosses the nation. Steve's heard that in Grand Rapids, Michigan "the shows pay well, and there's beds for everybody." A band can't really ask for much more, can it? Sara's got a plan to get her through the tour: "I won't be home-sick, or get too drunk, or worry about the food we eat." Steve's planning on living off of his charm (the band swears he's its charm factor). The highlight for Sara will be playing in Toronto, a long-time dream.

it well: "We spent about seven minutes playing, and about 23 minutes tuning." This sets Sara off on a bad trip down memory lane. "It was so important that we do really well and wow everybody, and it was this horrible disaster where the guitars wouldn't tune and nobody knew the songs, and we got booted off the stage..." and then you got really drunk and started stage-diving." Not such a pretty picture, is it? These stories should be more than a bit surprising to anyone who's only seen the band lately, or heard the album.

The Vancouver Nights are stylish, even if they purport not to be. Sara claims to be "really out of

Ann Goncalves

Originally from Ontario, she'll be on home-turf, with family and friends to impress the heck out of.

The Nights have a show booked at the Brickyard on Wednesday, September 20th to start the tour off with a bang. The evening is meant to celebrate the Canadian release of the album, and to show uninitiated Vancouverites what the band is all about. The band doesn't play much in town, keeping a low profile to avoid scenerster burnout. Steve explains that the band generally "play[s] in bursts," due largely to the fact that its membership is in a constant state of flux. Sara believes that a band "can have a longer life span by not playing that often," and that's been applied to the Nights' show scheduling over the years. Add to that the fact that the first few shows were kind of messy, and you'll feel better about not having seen or heard much just yet about the band.

"We've had some total disaster shows—not recently," Sara recalls one of the Nights' lowest moments, at a show opening for Zumpango. It was "the worst show of my life," she says, adding, "and I've played some horrible shows." Dan remembers

touch," preferring old music to new stuff, but the band looks and sounds great. Sara aspires to be stylish, but Dan doesn't seem to be willing to make the effort. "I have to concentrate so hard on playing guitar that I don't have time to do rock kicks or make faces or present myself in any way. I just try to keep up. I think we're fairly earnest up there." As we all know, however, the good style is never achieved with high kicks, so this band is doing the style thing right. They are "teetering on the edge of falling apart, but it's exciting that way." You'd never guess about the falling apart bit from the perfectly crafted and executed album, but maybe seeing them live offers up something else entirely. It's always nice when a band mixes it up a bit.

Sara's got high hopes for the next album, including adding strings and horns to enhance the lushness of the music. Before that, though, her band has plenty on the go. An album and a tour are the Nights' present plan of action, but Sara's already busy thinking about the future. Any time around now would be a good time for us to jump on board. •



Is our local music scene alive and well or **famished** and grunting feebly? Are we **parading** into the new millennium with **hope and inspiration**, or are there still people out there **crying tears** in their beers for the good old days of taking in a show at the Town Pump? Are we too big to be close-knit and supportive of one another? Too small to have enough consumer/audience support to nurture a diverse and thriving live music scene? This line of questioning drove me to pilage local papers, websites, and DISCORDER's local Music Directory in order to send out a simple email to 100 addresses, pleading bands, promoters, labels, clubs, and the like to bare their souls to The Golden Chubby. The amount of people who replied far exceeded my expectations, which immediately assured me that the locals in our scene are vocal and working hard to make the shit happen.

Local music is alive and well—although you might doubt it upon reading this article, as the peeps are often pissed off. Instead of taking this as a symbol of bad times in the local scene, however, recall that we all know it's easier to bitch than to praise. Of course everyone had different and conflicting opinions, but a few answers garnered almost identical responses from a variety of scenesters. Most people took the promise of anonymity as an invitation to vent, and I was thanked more than once, for what I'm not sure. Being there, perhaps? Read on for some uncut dregs that's purer than Colombian Blueberry. Oh yeah, all the snide little comments in *italics* are from The Chub.

WHAT IS A 'SCENESTER'?

"Depends on who you're talking to, usually a pretentious barfly, but sometimes a good photographer/reviewer."

"Omigawd, like, they know a lot of people in the industry—without actually working in the industry."

"Someone who is in a scene of people and tries to be known and cool, tries to dress cool etc., but they're just a scenester—they don't actually create or do anything for the scene except critique it."

"Someone who you see at shows over and over again like Amy Brannen from Clover Honey, Mark Szabo from Capozzi Park, and of course me."

"Every single last fucking one of you."

"As an anonymous local musician, I appreciate how supportive the [people] are, yet at the same time, it's a trap. All the musicians can easily become 'local heroes' in Vancouver, [where] everyone in town knows who they are, but nobody else in the world knows, and soon they're 40 years old and still at the record shops, playing the same old pieces."

Retail

"We've got lots of good independent record stores."

"More stores need to have Independent/Local sections and promote them properly. Although most retailers will take local product, they seem apprehensive about promoting it and showcasing it, therefore not really helping the local scene at all."

"A&B and HMV should stock our indie CDs without Indipool."

"Boombtown is excellent, Futuristic Flavour is for crackmonkeys, Stratic should let you listen to vinyl."

LOCAL SCENE by The Golden Chubby

"I use Napster myself."

More so than retail. Radio plays a major role in getting local and indie music to listeners' ears. And guess what? CTR 101.9M fucking rules! I know it...

Radio

"A few radio shows on CTR are worthy (and that's not a suckup)."

"Other than a few shows on CTR, the radio in Van sucks my ass."

"Only 2 good stations: CTR and CBC."

"CTR and Coop rule. CBC Radio 3 is slowly becoming co-opted by cool people on the inside. Um, it hasn't even been on the air. Is that a result of co-optation? 'Sfu can't be heard outside of the campus.'"

"It's great that there are three stations in town where volunteers can play whatever they want. That's a lot of selection and we should be thankful."

"Too much top 40 and classic rock... stuck in the '80s!"

Now we'll move from airwaves to air-spaces. Our scene has seen some blows. Cheesy murals depicting Jennifer Lopez stain the walls at our beloved Starfish Room. The Commodore re-opened as a venue that requires promoters charge \$20+ a ticket and have at least 700 people in attendance just to break even. Those are obvious disappointments. What mystifies me, however, is how almost everyone who wrote me back complained that there was nowhere to play. On paper, it seems like Vancouver

has a plethora: the Marine Club, the Starfish Room, the Brickyard, the Chameleon, Sonar, the Purple Onion, the Railway, Richards On Richard's, the Lamplighter (just joshing!), Ms. T's, the Lotus, the Yale, the Piccadilly Pub, the Sugar Refinery, the Columbia, the Cobalt, the Backstage Bar & Grill, and even the Plaza and Bar None come to mind. On the jazzy tip there's the Rossini's, the Jazz Cellar, the Cotton Club and the Mojo Room [I know, it's in Burnaby]. On the Drive there's the Bukowski's, Café Deux Soleils, and a host of other restaurants that feature live music on the weekends.

For big-time groups there's the Vogue, the Queen Elizabeth, the Orpheum, and the Commodore. Those with a mid-size draw show up at the Culch, the Croatian Cultural Centre, the WISE Hall, and the Western Front. What is troublesome is the tragic dearth of all-gates venues; the only one coming to mind as I write is the Java Joint. To quote one respondent: "Booking an all-gates show in Vancouver is bloody impossible." Aside from that unfortunate reality, there is a goodly number of clubs that host live music. So why is it that the number one complaint that I received about our local scene was that there aren't enough venues? Do you doubt the Chub? Read on...

Venues

"A serious 'lack thereof,' but obviously supply and demand applies here..."

"There aren't many live venues... there's only, like, 2 places to play in Vancouver."

"New venues would help."

"We need more bars, not in the

Downtown Eastside either, legitimate places for legitimate bands to play."

Snob!

"Good live venues in Vancouver, with proper lighting and sound, and good sight lines, etc., are an endangered species."

"We need more venues, and the ones that we do have need better management."

"Venues do not book a lot of local bands to support larger and more established bands, which makes it hard for local bands to build larger fan bases. No advertising is done, so names do not get known."

"If clubs want to stay in business, they have to be smart enough to realize that they need more than just the draw of the bands. Bands shouldn't be completely to blame if the bar is empty."

"Some venues are good, but then they are like Fort Knox to get into, so then they suck." It's not all bad though.

"Thank God for the Railway is all I have to say."

"The venues are really good in Vancouver. Well, some of them: the Brickyard, the Pic, and the Java Joint. Everywhere else has too much of an ego to let new bands in."

Ego? Or fiscal desires? I must say, I can somewhat understand the motivations of venues. They're out to make money, and will do whatever is profitable. If booking local acts were more profitable, they would do it. Period. So how do we make local music more profitable for the clubs? I've witnessed first hand the nervous apathy of Vancouver audiences—people make fun of me for dancing and whooping it up. I'm convinced that the main reason people don't go for live music in this town is because the drinks are expensive and weed is cheap. Turn

every bar into an Amsterdam-style coffee shop and people will flood the place. Read on for the scenesters' comments on audience participation.

Audiences

"Enthusiastic"

"Audiences of any kind should be worshipped for their mere existence."

"They need to get up and dance. I've been at too many shows where the crowd just stands there with their arms crossed, blankly staring at the stage. People in this town need a good kick in the ass."

"Audiences need to unfold their arms and move."

"Most of the gigs I go to, the people are stunned at best, although some of the large name bands get the crowds excited."

"There are lots and lots and lots of very talented bands/artists in Vancouver... unfortunately, there are more bands than there are people who want to go and see them! This is the BIGGEST problem in this town."

"Wake up."

Well, it seems that our fine West Coast weed has some downsides. Maybe it's increasing our apathy, maybe it's causing stupidity.

"It ain't called fucking 'electronic,' and if I hear that again I will call everything with a guitar 'rock,' be it ska or punk or emo or some wasted fat wank in a Hawaiian shirt singing bad Elvis music or a Sonic Youth noise LP, got it?"

Most people who responded to my inquiries about Media liked DISCORDER [although I know there's lots of dissension out there... perhaps no one wanted to hurt my feelings?]. The Straight got mixed reviews. Exclaim! was only mentioned a few times (although they're not local), the Sun and the Province were totally trashed, and no mention was made of the Westlander (who provided limited but loyal coverage of our local scene). Surprisingly, Agree to Disagree, a solid and locally produced punk 'zine, wasn't mentioned either.

Media

"It's all hype."

"The Georgia Straight sucks except for Ben Neville, who we all know has a very long leg."

"We need more critics who are open-minded."

"The media is comprised of shit middle class weenies that wouldn't know music if it sat down next to them on a bus!"

"It's pretty cool that DISCORDER has cheap ad rates." I swear I didn't make that up.

"Media is going to follow whatever it thinks will sell, or in the case of a volunteer paper like DISCORDER, whatever the writer feels like writing about."

"I respect many of the music writers in Vancouver, Shawn Conner gets a special shout out! Gee, even though he slugged Konf!"

"I don't care that you were too drunk or late and missed the first band, and I really don't care about reviews of your stupid friend's bands." They wouldn't be talking about DISCORDER, would they? This one's my fave!

"I think the scene can lick my butt. I like DISCORDER and CTR 101.9M for all the help they give to the local scene. The Georgia Straight only helps you if you lick their ass. It's all about how well you do, not about how well you are. Fuck them all."

Yeah! And your Mama's got gold nipples!
So, Axl, where do we go now? Those
working at indie labels were in agree-
ment that Vancouver has lots of talent-
ed, dedicated musicians that deserve
more support from the community and
government. This is not a death
sentence for our town at all. Talent
cannot be coerced, but money can.

WHAT DO YOU WANT MORE OF?

"Fun theme nights, more creativity in putting on shows, more creative
venues, more promotion & coverage for shows."

"More support for locally produced music."

"I would like to see: more bands with politics and ethics and more
unity. It would be cool to see artists from different genres
collaborating for a common purpose, larger bands donating
time and money to important local causes and a bet-
ter activist/artist media site/paper."

"Support of local talent."

"More Radio stations, no more Rock Radio (we have enough)."

How about some dedicated Jazz, Hip-Hop/Urban, or Funk Stations,

and more venues for bands to play in."

"Fun rock 'n' roll parties! Nice people!"

"Clubs without attitudes, a third turntable, sex, drugs, and all-night
break-ins. People willing to speak their minds and not cover behind
an 'it's all good' mentality which promotes mediocrity."

"Crossover indie-rockers into DJ culture and vice-versa."

"The Revolution."

"The door money."

WHAT DO YOU WANT LESS OF?

"Top 40/Classic Rock."

"Formula-rock radio-friendly catchy-tune college bands."

"Rock Radio, shitty garage bands, and ego in the scene."

"Powers! People who think they're all that... but they're not."

"Out-of-town DJs getting press support."

"People who whine about the lack of venues but never
go to local shows. People who complain about lack of
local support from college radio who never write or DJ."

Hallelujah! Say it brother!

"The highschool clique-ish 'in-crowd' DJ Mafia who control all bookings,
can't win worth a dead rodent stuck up their collective asses, have the
musical taste of that poor suffering rodent, and plain suck."

"Ravers, robots and genrefication." Genrefication, I like that
word!

"Less cliques. Less self-importance from bands who actually aren't that
important."

"Could there be any less?"

"In a town where you have to pay \$200 for someone else to put up
your posters it's fucking hard to put on a show if you have no money."

"I think the people in Vancouver need to get out to shows
and create the "scene." There is no scene in Vancouver because
it costs too much to get in to clubs, they should drop their cover
charges to maybe \$3 or \$4 and offer more incentives to draw
patrons. What better way to get people to your club than by offering
drink specials! People like to drink when they go to clubs, the clubs
need the business and the bands need the audiences. We need this
kind of thinking to attract people out to venues."

"I've met a lot of great bands and people in this city that
love (most of) the music and the integrity behind it."

"Regarding the Local Music Scene—there is nothing wrong with
Vancouver musicians, but there is a hell of a lot wrong with the pub-
lic and the promoters. The public is not attending shows, and we have
to wonder why. This lack of support leads to a very small scene."

"Lots of talent in this town, but it needs to be nurtured and
supported. We're doing our best but government help is needed at the
grassroots level. We need music-based youth clubs, places where young
people can get together and learn how to play their instruments."

"Less Rock, Less Talk, more diversity." A new slogan for FM
radio?

"Vancouver has huge talent but needs to set up a more serious indus-
try to keep this talent and the industry needs support from the public
and the government in order to develop this talent."

What have we learned from this, boys and girls, promoters and
fans. DJs and retailers? Some bands have taken matters into their
own hands, throwing gigs in people's homes, forming their own
record labels, organizing alternative music festivals like Music
Waste, Tuck West, and Crucifest. You got Don't like the media?
Produce a zine! Don't like the radio? Volunteer at CTR and get on
the air! Don't like the bands? Form your own! And then go and lis-
ten to everyone else's. Do unto others as you would have others
do unto you. Do it Yourself! Don't make me a sad chubby. Go out
and see some music, motherfuckers! *

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Under Review



ALBUMS • ZINES • RECORDED MEDIA

ARLIBIDO *All the World's America* (Independent)

This trio of Halifaxians who like to sing a lot about sex—maybe a bit too much—have become a bit less obsessed with their favourite subject on their sophomore release. This time around, *Arlibido* penetrates the superficiality of the subject of sex as a song subject and decides to front as politically aware musicians, criticizing the consumerist and materialistic ways of the world on songs such as "Just a Little Time," "All the World's America," "If I Need," and the intensely clever "Bulshit." Their potshot at the record industry, "Your Record Sucks," also takes a lot of potshots in return. Luckily, still present is Arlibido's ass-slapping bass-led grooves, orgasmic ska undertones, and above all, tight and erect musicianship. The songwriting does get a little wanky at times, resorting to petty innuendo and just plain lyrical perversion—take the

self-explanatory song titles "Bite You" and "Jello"—but the musical accomplishment of the band makes one forgive them. Amazingly, Arlibido has the balls to cover DOA's version of "The Righteous Brothers' 'Unchained Melody' as the album's closing track and credit Joey Shiffhead as the writer of the song! What a buncha dick-heads.

Spike

BLIMEY! *Contradictory nature and the struggle within* (62 TV)

This is seriously cool noise. This Belgian-Dutch concoction will make sense depending on personal mood, and it gets better the later in the night you listen to it. The perfect fusion of dark, almost Burroughsian lyrics (written by M. Van Bergen), with dyslexic ambient electronic works wonders. It's a treat for junkies of sick humor and connoisseurs of kitsch, fully equipped with a cool stuffed

bird on the cover. I loved it.
Rana E.

CAUSTIC RESIN *The After Birth* (Alias)

A *Caustic Resin* record is like a really really long road trip down the I-5. Just as it takes a certain type of person to appreciate the nuances and subtle pleasures of living in a car for several days, eating nothing but McDonald's, Taco Bell, and other-side-of-the-highway fare, it takes a special kind of person to enjoy *Caustic Resin*'s rambling jamrock. The songs don't really go anywhere, but that's not really the point. *Caustic Resin* is all about the journey. *The After Birth* seems longer, windier, and less to the point than any other CR record (rumour has it that the songs on the album are left-over jams from the recording of *The Medicine Is All Gone*), though the actual song lengths are surprisingly economical, with 10 songs in 40 minutes. The album is obnoxious and moves like it's stuck

Local glamour!

ALL STATE CHAMPION *All State Champion* (Independent)

I think that every band should have to record three EPs before they get to make an album. It would kind of be like minor league baseball, weeding out the "best prospects" from the nobodies and helping to reduce the number of filler-filled, 70 minute messes out there.

If Vancouver's All State

Champion were a baseball player, they'd probably be a shortstop who hits for the fences—a good blend of finesse and power. Their CD has a nice, sensible six songs: enough room to stretch their legs and show their range without boring or upsetting the listener. They play what you could call rhythm-driven post-punk, with a distinct vocal style that borrows heavily from emo. Not unlike *Fugazi*, but generally faster and with a more aspheric sound, they bounce back and forth between subtle string-picking and flat-out assaults, but generally keep it pretty melodic. Driving basslines keep the dissonant guitars on track and prevent the band from venturing into a no-man's land of weird time signatures. Good lyrics too—honest enough to make you blush but never sinking to self-help cliché level.

So this is a debut release that does what it should: makes you wish for more. If they, uh... can

stay injury-free, then they just might get called up to the big leagues after all!
Paul Crowley

OF FLORENCIAN ROMANCES *Of Florentine Romances* (Independent)

If you had never been to Italy or had a romance of the Florentine kind, you might start a band that involves a lot of counting—to keep your mind off of things like unrequited love and low self-esteem—but occasionally, you'll have to yell, "No one's listening! No one cares!" because you can't take it any longer.

Members of Forecasts

Forecasts rejoin this time with a chorus pedal) to make calculated songs with moments of emotion. Think *Radio Berlin* but prettier, post 1986, and pro-math-rock. When dreams of love and going places are never realized, you'll always have the band.
Christa Min

OPERATION MAKEOUT *Operation Makeout* (Independent)

Two weeks ago, I asked my sister if she remembered what I used to wear when I was sixteen. "Purple hightops, white tights, and brown shorts," she answered. Like many young girls at that particular historical moment, I had a Passionate Attachment to Visions of Utopia.

The collages on my wall and the phrases on my patches seemed deep but on closer inspection, were muddy of meaning. ("So what?" I would have said.) When I grew up I had to resolve my anxious passion and manifesto lever with the realities of personal complexity and change. The white tights went the way of my political conscience.

This very, very good local release is held together by singing and tremolo, speed and interplay. It is laced with words that rhyme but mean nothing: "synthetic"/"aesthetic." Empty phrases: "What about the difference?" (When I read or hear things like this, I think about all those terrible first-year papers inflicted on underpaid TAs.)

Operation Makeout couch their heady postmodern clichés (I'm a audience I'm the projectionist!) within caffeine-trembling sleeper chants. Familiar, yes, but it is adrenaline and youth and the anticipation of too much education—and it sounds GREAT. "Can't Hold Focus" features a couplet that makes me want to cry with gratitude (jargon and nonsense can sometimes reveal truth): "Gotta have your face on straight your feet on right / We'll make six babies if it all works out / Prickly legs are so particular the body a backdrop / Oh scab by sister take me out tonight." Barbara

THE HELLEVATOR

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ROGERS VIDEO

in mud, but it sounds like little like a **Moolest Mouse** record. Although the whole thing seems like one big jam session, it's definitely not **Phish**! In any way, **Coustic Resin** is busy making its way down the Pacific Coast, paving its own path where there's no highway. *godfrey j. leung, eqs.*

THE DELGADOS

The Great Eastern (Beggars Banquet)
When The Delgados came onto the UK indie scene a few years back, it was easy to write them off as third-rate **Sonic Youth** wannabes. Since that time, the mounting critical acclaim being heaped upon the Chemical Underground house-band has made their releases increasingly difficult to ignore.

It seems that, somewhere along the line, the band have ditched their *Diny* riffs in favour of the sort of post-**Beach Boys** indie pop guaranteed to get British critics' mouths watering. This quasi-symphonic sound is usually seen as an antidote to the never-ending flood of generic guitar sludge that clogs up our ears year after year. Unfortunately, such a viewpoint often means that, as soon as a band adds a string arrangement or brass section to a few songs, critics can become blinded to the material's essential shortcomings. Witness the hyperbole whipped up over **Mercury Rev's** disappointingly tedious *Deserter Songs*.

Raw alumnae Dave Fridmann is co-producer of this equally dull piece of work. The *Great Eastern* has a few pretty tunes, but it's also horribly lacking in imagination—just about the worst crime one can commit in *Pet Sounds* pop. This album merely pays lip service to the idea of imagination, displays the most obvious traits that indie fans associate with many-headed beauty. It's cheap in theory and drearily ponderous in execution.

Remind me to not pay attention to the critical consensus next time. *Sam Macklin*

DUSTY TRAILS

Dusty Trails (Atlantic)
Dusty Trails is a collaboration between Vivian Trumble (ex-**Luscious Jackson**) and Josephine Wiggs (ex-**Perfect Disaster/Breeders**). That's a pretty good pedigree artistically, though not commercially. Surprising, then, that a major record label was prepared to fund and release this album, which is neither unsatisfying on an artistic level and doubtless bound for minor-cult obscurity. It's not without it's charms, of course. The basic blueprint is in the "Avant Garde MOR" style pioneered by **Stereolab** (it even has a song in French).

Influences from swinging '60s Britain and Brazil are very much to the fore, while woozy synth tri-
"r" samples provide a much-needed contemporary edge to many of the album's best moments.

Overall, it's a pretty lovely sound but taken individually, the tracks often fail to make the grade. Some are just a little too sickly sweet; insipid melodies played with weedy synth tones. Elsewhere, as when Jill Cunliff from Viv's old band lends some vocals to "Roll the Dice," it sounds like a rather sum product of music industry hangers-on.

Having said that, it's another star collaboration that provides the album with its best moment. "Order Coffee" features a beautifully husky vocal from country-rock divinity **Emmylou Harris**. This is a moment demanding of attention on an LP which, all too often, fades into soppy background music. *Sam Macklin*

EINSTÜRZENDE NEUBAUTEN

Silence Is Sexy (Mute)
The constellation that comprises **Einstürzende Neubauten** has once again shifted. Following the release of the excellent *Tabula Rasa* (1993), Mark Chung left Blixa's fold to pursue other ventures. *Ende Neu* (1996) seemed a letdown, owing more to a superficial pop sensibility than the more typical atmospheric feeling of their earlier work. The release of *Silence Is Sexy*, EN's newest effort, comes on the heels of the departure of yet another veteran, **FM Einheit**, the percussive heart of the group. Joining the group are Jochen Arbeit and Rudi Moser, formerly of **Die Haut**.

Silence Is Sexy owes much to the aural texture created on *Tabula Rasa*—there are even faint flavourings of the earlier *Fiat Lux*. Lyrically, EN are up to form as usual, weaving eloquent tales of love, despair, and life in general with a bittersweet sense of inevitability. The instrumentation continues the process of refinement that the group has been pursuing over the last few years. Not as bold percussively, the music is more focussed on delicate sounds and their juxtaposition to the main melody, creating a lush aural soundscape. "Die Befriedigung des Landes," a song about the psyche of present day Germany, is a beautifully full-sounding piece reminiscent of the earlier "Fiat Lux." "Beauty" is a well-crafted little gem. Blixa's wry wit is at full play on "Musentango," which uses the tempo format as an indication on the vagaries of desire. "Pelikanen," a lengthy opus which comes on the second CD, is a heartfelt tribute to an adhesive paste familiar to anyone who grew up in Germany. On *Silence Is Sexy*, **Einstürzende**

Neubauten are in fine form, their maturing sound ever more intricate and evocative. *pcs*

ELEMENTARY HEADCOTS

Three Singles 1990-1999 (Damaged Goods)
Stop Billy... you're killing me! I love your stuff, but enough's enough! Didn't you guys break up? Yeah! *Bryce Dunn*

THE GO BETWEENS

The Friends of Rachel Worth (Jetset)

Australia's **Go Betweens** purveyed literate indie pop throughout the '80s to much critical acclaim but little commercial success. Since they called it a day, there has been remarkably little animosity between songwriters Robert McLennan and Robert Forster, so the band has enjoyed various mini-reformations. Last year they finally gave up any pretence of non-existence, set out on a world tour and decided to record this new album.

The Friends of Rachel Worth is much slicker in production and songwriting than the band's classic work. Without the down-at-the-beach charm of yore, much of the album is disappointingly undistinguished in its generic material.

The new songs only really hit home on the odd occasions that they are augmented by unconventional guitar harmonies. Strangely enough, these subtly abrasive arrangements are provided by members of **Sleater-Kinney** and **Quasi**. This post-riff girl-line-up may seem a peculiar choice of backing band but it undoubtedly provides what little edginess the album has. "The Clock" and "German Farmhouse," in particular, combine rugged textures and wordy lyrics to create a sound not unlike **The Fall** in unusually melodic form.

Forster and McLennan's idiosyncratic wordiness is the album's other main saving grace. Their erudite wit is a welcome respite at a time when the rock world prizes thugishness above all other qualities. Since without the technical limitations that once added grit to *The Go Betweens'* fly bookishness, the results here are often rather too polite. *Sam Macklin*

HACKSAW

Hacksaw (Spectra Sound)
I like **Spectra Sound**, they have put out some good albums in the past. **Shawn Scallen**, the man behind the label, is one of the best photographers around, and most of the SSS releases display his work. I thought it was my lucky day to find a new release from this label in the sometimes quite dull review bin—too bad it was **Hacksaw's**. I've put off writing

this for a long time because I don't like negative reviews. I've listened to this album to the point that it has just become more painful. It just won't grow on me. Nothing really interesting: bad lyrics, bad voice, ho-hum music. I don't like it. That is all I can say. *jay douillard*

I AM SPOONBENDER

Televin (Mint)
Recipe (Music for Robots):
1. Mix equal parts **Morcheeba**, **Kraftwerk**, and **Go-Go's**, and 1/6th of a tablespoon of **Berlin**.
2. Add one part of cup's alluring vocals to three parts of dublin, brain and marc's European-style electronic pop savvy. Add a dash of **cutb** (to taste).
3. Fold with spatula until chunky.
4. Preheat oven to "something tasty."
5. Slip in quarter-size dollops onto greased baking tray.
6. Slide in oven and let fry, frazzle, and pop for about a week. Remove from oven when dry.
7. When cooled, place in CD tray and press "play." Position yourself between speakers.
8. Turn on strobe light, point at face.
9. Sit and stare. Allow full effect of light and sound to energize fuel cells.
10. Repeat from step 1, if necessary.

Warning: those at risk of spontaneous short circuits or combustion should refer to robotix specialist before using **I am spoonbender**. *Mike Chilton*

IGNITE

A Place Called Home (TVT)
To give an idea of **Ignite's** demographic, there is an order form on the inside of the CD tray for admittance to the Sea Shepherd Conservation society, which is, apparently, an organization that sinks whaling ships. The record has everything you'd expect from a modern hardcore band: songs about the politics of the hardcore scene, gun control, the benefits of being straight-edge, and plenty of raging against anonymous machines. The optimist's view: **Ignite** embodies the hardcore ethic and proudly displays a singular vision, steadfast ideals, and simple but positive lyrics. The pessimist's perspective: **Ignite's** lyrics are hardcore clichés and often come off as closed-minded. *godfrey j. leung, eqs.*

IQU

Teenage Dream (K)
IQU smoke way too much. All that nicotine does not allow them to get enough oxygen into their bloodstream. And this affects

the (Sugar refinery)
1115 granville
upstairs
683-2004

September:

6) Brigian Kravss (Knitting Factory)
7) Todd Tomorrow
8) Sean McDondl + Panzer Attack
9) pulse programming aesthetics
10) Unrefined (spoken word)
11) Michael Martyn michael derrick
12) m2 art show
13) Jonathan Inc.
14) ?
15) 2d10gram + addurn
16) tobias launch
17) new music mondays
18) not sure, call
19) Leslie Foster + dolly sziget
20) Gentleman Reg
21) colorifics
22) tobias
23) nm mondays
24) ?
25) dave gowans 2200 2 booth
26) Joel & launch
27) golden wedding band
28) life is absurd: schedules may change.

SEPTEMBER
THE BRICKYARD
315 CARROLL STREET GASTOWN QBS 4976

Fri. Sept. 1 (8PM)
The George Strait presents
Hoot 1 of 6
"LIVE UP! HOT PARTY" Concert Series
THE MONKIES (aka Pop)
THE BROTHERS (aka Rock Band)
THE RUFF RIDERS (aka Indie)

Sat. Sept. 2 (8PM)
BUNCHO FISHING COOPS
Strong Live Traction
Oppressed Logic

Sun. Sept. 3 (8pm)
GUTTERMOUTH (aka Indie)
OSHER (aka Indie)
Slide 67

Wed. Sept. 6 (8PM)
JET SET
The Fluffy On / Spanish Fly

Thurs. Sept. 7 (8pm)
RADIO BERLIN
(Love and Romance)
Sonic Traction

Fri. Sept. 8 (8PM)
JP 23 (aka Indie)
Mr. Black / Rockabean

Sat. Sept. 9 (8pm)
THE SALTRENS (aka Indie)
Pepper Snobs / The Metric

Sun. Sept. 12 (8pm)
Psychobilly Round Up
DERBOIT
The Rockettes / Brainz

Wed. Sept. 13 (8PM)
MOONEY SUZUKI
LIVE UP!
The Come Ons

Thurs. Sept. 14 (8PM)
SUBSTANCE
Slick 80 / Vain Tunn

Fri. Sept. 15 (8PM)
SUN LIKE STAR
Sound Pressure Manifest
Proctureture

Sat. Sept. 16 (8PM)
DESTROYER
Citron / New Hedron

Wed. Sept. 20 (8PM)
THE UNACQUAINTED
LIVE UP! NIGHTS (aka Indie)
Young Red Sexy / Piano

Fri. Sept. 22 (8PM)
THE SPIRITRES (aka Indie)
The Vultures (aka Indie)
The 8 Movie Acts (aka Indie)

Sat. Sept. 23 (8PM)
FREE COKE FOR
SUPERMOMENTS
Bitty Perdu / Shrimp Meat

Wed. Sept. 27 (8PM)
THE DIATMITS
MONTANA
Weights And Measures

Thurs. Sept. 28 (8PM)
CROWNED KING
The Carbons / Wake Truck

HEAVY METAL Sundays
NEW MUSIC Mondays
PHAT Tuesdays
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their brains. And then they make music. I take this music home with me, and then I listen to it. This time, the music they made is full of crazy Japanese children singing and bips and sounds and beats and as usual, therein things. It makes me a little wacky. But that's not all. No. This time, along with general wackiness of they that are IQU, they got a whole bunch of other wacky DJs and other wacky artists—like **Looper**—to remix and remake the music they made when they didn't have enough oxygen in their brain. Then I listen to it, and then I feel a little crazy. I cover myself in sushi mats and wear my electric blue kimono/housecoat. I stand in the middle of my living room, stereo full blast and start to smoke. I smoke way too much. And all the nicotine does not allow me to get enough oxygen into my bloodstream. And this affects my brain.

Anthony Montoya

DANIEL LEDUC
Le Voyage d'Hiver
(empreintes DIGITALES)
The Montreal electroacoustic composer **Daniel Leduc** has taken on the formidable task of following in **Franz Schubert's** footsteps by providing a new musical setting for **Wilhelm Müller's** romantic 24 poem cycle *Die Winterreise*. Taking on such an icon of 18th century German romantic Lieder tradition gives credit to Leduc's ambition.

Die Winterreise cycle is made up of a series of vignettes telling of a young man's lost love and his delirious imaginings as he ventures into the cold moonlit landscape—only, in the end, to meet the figure of death. The danger of being too literal in creating a musical setting for the text is as great as that of being too abstract and thus totally losing the delicate mood of the story. Leduc manages to navigate these dangers skillfully and offers a fresh interpretation of Müller's poem. Using the original German text, Leduc uses a minimal palate of distortion, samples, percussion, and electronic accents to guide the listener through this tale of Romantic-era despair. His sound collage gives the text a mournful and uneasy edge only occasionally brightened by some musical flourish. Daniel Leduc's composition offers a modern take on a tale that is still strangely moving even today.

Empreintes DIGITales has also included some earlier works by Leduc. "Traverser les Grandes Eaux" is reminiscent of fellow Quebec composer Robert Normandeau. "Trophée" is made up of four movements (Stratus, Cumulus, Cirrus) that offer an almost too-literal tone transcription of the cloud formations described, but which illustrates the composer's fascination with atmospheric textures. *Voyage d'Hiver* CD includes a

booklet in English, French, and German with the complete text of *Die Winterreise* as well as lyrical explanations of the individual works. A highly evocative and interesting release for anyone interested in contemporary Canadian electroacoustic music.

SHELLAC
1000 Hurts
(Touch & Go)
Shellac. A decisive, punishing threat. Shellac. An often alcohol-bashed lacquer with active compound derived from the secretions of scale insect *Coccus locca*. Shellac. An early audio format fabricated, in part, from said compound. Shellac. Also found as a component in the manufacture of sealing wax, fireworks and electrical insulators. Shellac. A surname belonging to Quebecois villain (avec le toque) featured in *Bugs Bunny* episode #434 (See also: Black Lacquer). Shellac. An onomatopoeic, aesthetic analog to the certain elasticity of this kid's combinations, latently anticipated [o] and inevitably suffered [\ /]. Shellac. Trolley. Tracks. Shhh... quiescence, patience, restraint... LAC —> Decisive. Punishing. Victory. shAC.

Steve DiPa

SILKWORM
Lifestyle
(Touch & Go)
Last night this nutcase that lives in my building set his mattress on

fire and then, realizing that the place could burn down, hucked his bed off the balcony. I slept through the whole thing. But if the fire alarm had been pulled, I would've been ready. I keep my *Libertine* LP propped up against the wall, ready to be rescued in case of fire.

I am determined to get every single **Silkworm** release from their inception in 1987 to their 1994 gold medal *Libertine*. In that period, they were the best band in the world. After that period, they weren't. I refuse to own **Silkworm's** last three albums. I decided that **Andy Cohen** and **Tim Midgett** couldn't sing anymore, their lyrics were molded from poo (remember *Winnie*?), and their songs weren't good enough to overcome these faults. This was what I told everybody. But my record habit forced me to buy their last 7" just so I could have the complete **Mosquito** Records library. When I was sure no one was around, I punched to "I Must Prepare" and danced myself in the heart because I, like, totally felt what Midgett was singing. Guilty pleasure soon turned to admiration because, well, the man has two Travis Beans, you know.

When *LifeStyle* came to our office, I held it up and said, "Let's listen to this. It should be funny." The first listen put an end to the "Pretend I Hate Silkworm" game I play. Although the Rock seems to have rolled into the Country, nearly every song on this album is a hit—from Cohen's catchy "Treat the New Guy Right" (with lovely back-up vocals by producer Heather Whinnio) to Midgett's incredible "Plain" (with a bitchin' guitar solo by Cohen). Hell, even their "Och La La" cover overcomes bad thoughts of **Red Stewart** and **Soul Asylum** Unplugged. And, of course, the album is recorecra ceontology—tut drums and inside-you-cochlea vocals.

Do you know what this means? Now I have to go get *Firewater*, *Developer*, and *Blueblood* even though most of those songs blow just because I'm a completist. Because I'm a completist idiot. **Silkworm's** *LifeStyle* is great, and I'm pretty upset about having to admit it.

Chrisatium Minimalism

SLEATER-KINNEY
All Hands on the Bad One
(Kill Rock Stars)

For those of you who are profoundly shocked that the lady-men at **DISORDER** didn't review SK's new album back in the spring, that we didn't dedicate a whole issue to it, vixie the smirk off your face. We just wanted enough time to really get to know the record. [For sure, *Miss five month late submission*—Ed.] Listen to it over coffee; discuss it with friends, you know. We're women after all, we like to get to know a thing before we

rush off and award it with the money that "5 stars, better than *Dig Me Out*, etc.," *All Hands On the Bad One* isn't as hard and fast as *DMO* or *The Hot Rock*, so we decided, in that sensitive way of ours, that we needed more time. Time to figure out why the new album is more laid-back than previous efforts, sporting more straightforward hooks and obvious melodic lines. Time to figure out the annoying, formula-rock formatted single "You're No Rock 'n' Roll Fun," whose ironic title is a much needed clue that the song is kind of a joke. Time to figure out why SK now hates husbands.

And? Well, opinion at the office is divided, but I like the album. I can't help it—I'm a sucker for **Corin's Belinda Carlisle**—when she still did coke wail—it's so good! I love the third-wave-feminist lyrics, lamenting the co-optation of girl grrl, exploring their contradictions, and—yes—their cravings for dick. I like it when bands experiment and change their sounds from album to album, because there's two words for what happens when they don't: **Dinosaur Jr.** I like **AHOTB** despite its mellow tones. The rock has lulled for a while, and SK are merely surveying the damage. You can bet when they play live that they will rock harder than cock, that's for sure, and there'll be tons of cute queer girls for all of us cute queer girls to press up against in the front row.

Hancant

THE SPECIAL GUESTS!
First Album
(The Song Corporation)

I've stuck with this four-piece pop outfit from **Vietoria** pretty much from their beginnings, mainly because they are one of the best live acts from Vancouver Island. But it is with a heavy heart that I say their *First Album*, which is actually their *Third Album*, is actually their most overproduced and middle-of-the-road effort yet. The dynamic sound which **The Special Guests!** (who have now decided to put an exclamation mark at the end of their name to avoid confusing local mainstream radio programmers) have become known for and which obtained them their solid fan base has all but disappeared in favour of a bland and radio-friendly early-'80s pop sound. That the power ballad "Love to You" sounds like a **Bryan Adams** rip-off is simply the sealing of the pact they made with the devil, otherwise known as record execs.

The exploration of subgenres which made both *Another Face* and *Everybody* such good albums is only evident on the melodic '90s power pop of "Take Them Higher," the horn-driven '70s pop-rock of "Everybody" and their rehashing of the '60s influ-

enced doo-wop pop of "3rd Street" (which was originally recorded as "3rd St. (Doo-Wop)" on *Everybody* Rock).

Of some redeeming value is the fact that the musicianship is as tight as ever—thanks to top-dollor production, I suppose—and guitarist/pianist/songwriter **Piers Henwood's** razor-sharp songwriting; I mean, the man has never met up with a bad bridge or chorus in his life, and his hooky riffs will leave you humming for days even if the music doesn't move you. However, if he actually lived even half of what he writes about—drug addiction, abuse, suicide, etc.—he must lead one screwed-up life. I think his lyrics are pretty much all about stress and coming off cool... which is what mainstream success is about, right?

Spike

SUMMER HYMNS
Voice Brother Sister
(Misra)

Quirky, melodic, but not annoying. If you can pull that off without pretension, you've impressed me. **Summer Hymns** gives us an album that really does convey the whole spirit of summer: carefree, lazy, optimistic, and, just fun. Rather than cramming the album with suspiciously perfect pop songs, they throw in some vintage synth or some sloppy mixing to make it all interesting. Buy it. Drive in the car with it. Smile. Be happy.

Samuel Kim

VALENTINE KILLERS
Valentine Killers
(Yeah, It's Rock)

It's pretty uncanny how much these guys sound like **The Motors** (RIP). Actually, they even look like **The Motors**—right down to the insert photo in the CD. Singer **Brian** looks like **John Motors**, sings like **John Motors** (with that lead-locks-rock-breakfast voice), and their tunes are simple, three chord, sloppy rock-punk like **The Motors**. Wait a sec, it is **The Motors**! No, Bryce, hang on, face the facts, it's not **The Motors**, it's **The Valentine Killers**. Damn. A guy can dream, can't he?

Bryce Dunn

Wolfie
And the coat and hat
(Kindercore)

Wolfie do what they do best on this new kindercore EP: very sweet girl-boy pop that you can dance to. Nothing really amazing, but it has all the hooks and will make you happy. This album has definitely increased **Wolfie's** dance factor. If this release is any indication, things are definitely looking good for this band. I look forward to a future full-length, as should you. In the meantime, get off that chair and start giggling with **Wolfie!**

jay daoullard

CiTR 101.9 FM **DJ PROFILE** **COREEN WOLANSKI** **"BLUE MONDAY"** **TUESDAYS,** **11:30AM-1:00PM**

Record played most often on your show:

The song "Lust for Love" by the Vancouver favourites, Images in Vogue.

Record you would save in a fire:

Alphaville, "Forever Young; Sisters of Mercy, *First and Last and Always*; Ella Fitzgerald, *Best Of...*—had to rescue three.

Record that should burn in hell:

The Cure's *Wild Mood Swings*. [I mean, there's plenty, but this one stands out. Anything by The Hipp would be a close second.]

Worst band you like:

Oh, so many. How about Backstreet Boys, and Honeymoon Suite.

Last record you bought:

Howard Jones' *Cross That Line*.

First record you bought:

The Village People's "YMCA/Women" 45. I was four years old, I saw them perform on television, and I dragged my mom to Part Albernati's record store to snatch it up.

Musician you'd most like to marry:

This is a toughy, but I think the recipe would go as follows: He would have to be 50 parts Perry Farrell (circa *Ritual de la Habitual*), 25 parts Prince (circa *Mick Jagger*), 10 parts Mick Jagger, 10 parts Peter Murphy (the eyes) and 5 parts Poison Ivy. I could also quite happily settle for my real-life musician partner **Andrew**.

Favourite show on CITR:

"Hans Kloss' Misery Hour," Wednesdays midnight-3am.

Strangest phone call received while on-air:

This was actually when I used to co-host the "Slippery Slo" with Kiley. I had just cued up the song "War Is News" by local '80s obscurity Alien Hiers. No sooner had I done that, when the phone rang. Kiley answered it, and it turned out to be the guitarist from Alien Hiers who just happened to be simultaneously requesting that exact song! Spooky or what? Other than that, the "fast talker," of course.



Real Live Action



LIVE MUSIC REVIEWS

OPTIGANALLY YOURS THINGY NEW PORNOGRAPHERS Friday, June 16 The Brickyard

Strange to find the downtown east side's Brickyard full of characters even more disconcertingly eccentric than the folks shooting the breeze on the neighbourhood's notorious street corners. They must have turned up for San Diego's **Optiganally Yours**, a band who, in this age of cool, detached irony, are refreshingly unrepentant in their wackiness.

OY's main gimmick is the use of an obscure proto-sampler called the Optigan, which was originally marketed in the early '70s as a toy. It produces a raw sound, spooky in its low-resolution retro ambience. For the most part, though, the band uses the instrument's beats and riffs for the considerable kitsch appeal intrinsic to their dated swinging-London idiom.

Which brings us to OY's other gimmicks, which include Viking helmets, lizard masks, leotards, cross-dressing, a break-dancing competition and a Hammond-funk rendition of "Wichita Lineman." Like Narduar's **Goblins** and Austria's **Fuckhead**, Optiganally Yours fall just the right side of unbearably irritating. One imagines that this is the upshot of some serious intent behind the whole thing.

This suspicion is confirmed by **Thingy**, a band featuring most of the same scruffy misfits as OY. They play an aggressive mix of punk-pop and convoluted math/prog rock. It's an impressive noise but the intricacy of the compositions is often lost in the sheer bluster of their performance.

Perhaps Thingy just played it that way because of the venue's sub-standard PA. Certainly, the subtleties of the **New Pornographers'** colourful power pop were lost in the general boom and buzz. New Porn deserve better because they write fantastic songs and arrange them with great imagination (as evidenced by their collaboration with **Neko Case** on the *Vancouver Special* compilation). Admirably unafraid of such unpunk rock elements as craftsmanship and backing vocals, they could really shine given the right venue.

Whether or not the individ-

ual members of the band will have time to develop this project is another matter. The line-up contains faces familiar from Neko's **Boyz n' the City**, **Destroyer**, **Vancouver Nights** and even **The Radio**, so one assumes that this is something for a side project for most of those

with a profusely sweaty Asia splitting out lyrics as he grooved on the stage. Next up was **Bahamadia**, who put the place on fire. Not the kind of violent back draft that comes and bursts in and sets everything alight—this was the kind that slowly and steadily consumes



the supersuckers enjoy themselves at the brickyard.
photo by casey b.

involved. Hopefully they'll all wise up to the fact that this act could be the one that propels them beyond the parochial Vancouver scene.

Sam Macklin

SLUM VILLAGE BAHAMADIA CALI AGENTS SPONTANEOUS

**Thursday, June 22
Richard's on Richards**
Amazing. Simply amazing. The first Vancouver installment of Toronto based ill-a-mental blew me away. Usually a familiar song is needed to make the ear drums pop at a show, but not in this case. Due to lack of availability of Good Vibes albums, most of the songs performed at the show were being received for the first time. The energy was sparked by Chicago's **Spontaneous** with help from his boy **Eclipse 427**. The **Cali Agents**, **Rasco** and **Planet Asia**, both known to hold their own, further ignited the place

everything in its path. The intensity and respect her presence commands amazes me. Just when you think all hip hop females have to be hoers to make it, you realize how long Bahamadia's been in the game and how much of it she has control over. Lastly, **Slum Village** came on to raise it up with "Fall in Love" and "Get Dis Money." Once again, the energy executed was 110%. They got the crowd all hyped up and chanting along. The only thing that prevented the tour from spreading like wildfire that night was the lack of audience participation on the second floor. These guys went through some major shit to perform that night, they needed everyone's love. Looking forward to the next installment of ill-a-mental, and if you missed the first one, too bad for you.

Jan-9

THE DELTA 72
BEACHWOOD SPARKS
THE SADIES

Thursday, July 6 Richard's on Richards

Smirny dressed and ready to rock, **The Sadies** captivated the small but appreciative audience with their funny jingles and

The second band didn't perform. They just left an annoying void during which you couldn't really chat with your pals because of various ear-wrenching technical difficulties.

then the rafters, on the speakers, and into the crowd, one soon felt fear replace boredom. Starting off with the first track on their latest release, 000, "I Feel Fine," their big bad beats had us soul-



apropos of nothing: mercury the winged messenger gets down some place, some time. photo by casey b.

twang rock style. The nonconformist bassist, who had not donned the angular Sadies' suits, offered a lot musically, as did the lonely crooning of the backup vocalists. Some said The Sadies stole the show, but I would say their whimsical style only overshadowed **Beachwood Sparks**.

Recorded, the band may have something different to offer, but on stage they were terribly boring (yawning/uncontrollably-type-boring).

Boredom, however, may have been the perfect foil for **The Delta 72** leaping, screaming, splaying and spraying their way onto the stage and

clapping in no time. A few beers and some minor threats later, the crowd was shaking their thing for a good forty minutes until the brief but explosive show was complete.

Namiko Kunimoto

TENACIOUS D
Saturday, July 8

kick around

september 2000 @ Scott Main



Showbox Theatre (Seattle)

"Tenacious who?" "D." "Oh, **Tenacious D**. I don't know them." These were the words I uttered after my American chum invited me to witness the phenomenon known as "the D." As it turned out, my buddy hadn't heard of them either. But this Canadian wasn't about to decline an invitation to go out with his one and only companion in rock in the excited States. Besides, the Showbox was packed and everyone else seemed to know what was in store: some serious ass-blowing rock 'n' rule!

Tenacious D is an acoustic guitar duo made up of the husky KG (Kyle Gass) and JB (Jack Black). Folks might know Black from such films as *Bob Roberts*, *The Cable Guy*, or more recently as Barry in *High Fidelity*. The band supposedly started as a sort of stand-up comedy routine that was featured on HBO alongside the sporadically humorous *Mr. Show*. Thus far, they have only performed live, not having a single release to date. If we are to take the band's word as to its true origins, they are the two-headed lovechild of **Iron Maiden**, **Black Sabbath**, and **Molly Hatchet**. While lacking their parents' sheer volume and heaved hair, they make up for it in speed, ego, and a

respect for all things winged and fierce.

They started with the melody of all melodies. **Queen's** "Flash Gordon" was humorously mixed with **Bob Dylan** and other seemingly unmarriageable material. Lyrics were altered at random. I had told myself that I had risen above so-called "novelty joke bands," but Tenacious was different. KG and JB rocked out with so much energy that even if you didn't find them funny, you had to admire their stamina. Besides, any band with lyrics like, "We ride with Kings on mighty steeds across the devil's plain..." with complete conviction and straight faces has my respect. Like JB said, they are the only band with the rocket juice.

Willis

THE DANDY WARHOLS Tuesday, August 8 Starfish Room

This evening of retro rock began with a depressingly enthusiastic band called **Supporting Act** (or something hilarious like that) giving a tight but uninspired performance. Things picked up considerably when **The Dandy Warhols**, looking withered at the end of their North American tour, shambled on stage to show Vancouver that, for this type of music to work nowadays, it has to be all about inspiration.

Umberto Eco once argued that *Casablanca* is a classic because the script is saturated with stereotypes and clichés to the point that it becomes sublime. The same logic can certainly be applied to the Dandies.

tribute to rock history is the kind of thing that gets UK critics salivating, which explains why Portland's finest are far more popular in Britain than on their own continent. Where other bands with a similar approach

album title—*13 Tales from Urban Bohemia*—isn't all that ironic. These PoMo bohos really look like they live it, and make a convincingly psychedelic racket to match.

As well as the general sham-

rock that made this show so entertaining.

Sam Macklin

OPERATION MAKEOUT ESPERANZA THE SCENIC HIGHRISE Wednesday, August 9 DANSpace

Kissing girls is fucking gross! I don't care if you do it under the **Sleater-Kinney** poster in your bedroom or in front of some Japanese tourists at Stanley Park; it is a disgusting practice that needs to be abolished once and for all. Not only do girl-kissers risk being ridiculed by their friends, but they also must deal with a number of hygiene considerations: obviously, most girls are nowhere near as thorough with the hairbrush, so gingivitis is a major concern. Also, kerd forbid, the vixen might try to go for your throat, leaving an unsightly mark for your mother to quiz you about [at this point, I usually recoil, planting a firm karate chop against her neck]. Of course, I haven't mentioned the dreaded "ham tooth" which is to be avoided at all costs.

The evidence is overwhelming: the practice of kissing girls has got to be stopped.

But...

As gross as it is, I would risk



legs, water glass, drum kit, unclean weiner get stupid at the brick-yard. photo by lori kiessing

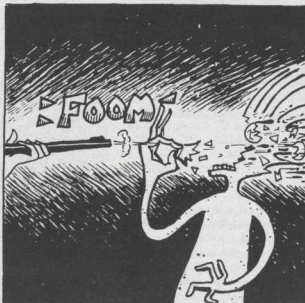
With nothing original to add to their irreverent but loving pastiches they perfect and elevate the art of shameless rip off. Guitarist Peter Holstrom managed to epitomize this approach by wearing a **Rolling Stones** t-shirt while playing Stones riffs on a guitar with a Stones sticker attached to it.

This sort of tongue-in-cheek

(say **Saint Etienne**) often sound rather detached, the Dandies always counterpoint their arch posing with bursts of "authentic" emotion and energy, which, in this context, take on seismic proportions.

So, to an extent, they mean it, masoch. Indeed, judging by their dishevelled onstage glamour at the Starfish, the new

bolistic noise, their loud 'n' long show featured: a trumpet-slinging additional Dandy in a 10-gallon hat; an impromptu version of **Kristin Hersh's** "Your Ghost"; several hundred guitar pedals. What more could you ask for from this kind of band? Second on the Bill may have been tighter but it was the Dandies' slack approach to retro



by black

even herpes cold sores to kiss the three hot girls in **Operation Makeout**. That would be alright. We could eat some Ethiopian, burn some incense, throw a little **Discount** on the stereo, and neck all night on the sofa. **Operation Makeout** are so good that I'd probably even kiss the boy, too!

Grab-me Hesh

SUPERSUCKERS THE PROBES

**Saturday, August 12
The Brickyard**

Due to unmanaged difficulties with "The List," I managed to miss **The Probes**. I weaseled my way into in time to catch Montreal's **The Datsons**. I enjoyed their '60s-influenced mod pop a lot, although they somehow seemed heavier when they opened for **Tricky Woo** last August. The songs were really pretty—perhaps too much so for most of the liquor-fuelled audience.

At this point, **The Supersuckers** were poised to show all in attendance what a rock 'n' roll show should be. I would be hard pressed to name a band that is tighter, louder, and more accomplished live, largely due to the fact that they have been together beyond a decade and tour constantly. Having suntered onto the stage, they had the audience in the palm of their hand before a single note was played, and didn't loosen their grip for a second. Whether playing tunes from their latest excellent album *The Evil Powers of Rock and Roll* or from their extensive repertoire of classics, they are relentless! Witness the double "gold top" assault of Dan "Thunder" Bolton and Ron Heathman, or the awe-some poundings of "Dancing Edge" on the skins. Singer/bassist Eddie Spaghetti is the consummate showman; incredibly charming, tossing out golden one-liners like yesterday's trash. They don't buy into that jive encore bullshit either. They

"pretend" to leave the stage, the audience "pretends" to cheer them back, and they continue playing until they're done (although at their April show, they actually did an encore, including a **Turbonegro** cover). "Born with a Tail" seems to be a signature cover—I suppose because it kinda sums up what they're all about: living life to the fullest and giving the middle finger to any consequences. **KCB**

**UNDER THE VOLCANO
Sunday, August 13
Cates Park**

I attended Under the Volcano last year and had a good time, but this year I had an even better time, so I'm looking forward to next year. Under the Volcano is a self-proclaimed "festival of art and social change" (now in its 11th year) which aims to put the Conscious back into Party, and with admission costing only \$5-\$20 (sliding scale), it's a total bargain for everyone. Taking place at North Van's beautiful Cates Park, this year's theme of "Rhyhme & Resist" saw more hip hop and hip hop hybrids happening on the two stages than in previous years; however, the whole festival was wonderfully diverse, highlighting expression and political creativity and creating a rewarding experience.

Under the Volcano is great because there's tons of shit to do and see for just one day, yet it's manageable, both in terms of the distance (minimal) between the various stages, and the quantity of performances and activities. It's just enough. In addition to the Mainstage and Waterfront stage was a Kidz stage, a film and video tent, a totally thumping daylight rave, a literary stage, and an information fair/vendor area. Highlights were many, so I'll just share a few. Victoria's Sifry crew, fronted by **MC Kia Kadri**, played a warm and funky set. I saw **Loud** for the first time and fell madly in love with each band member. Talko drumming meets **Sonic Youth**—

you've got to hear it, it's perfect. Although I missed hearing her speak, I got to meet Inga Muscio, author of *Cunt* (Seal Press, 1998), and you can just imagine how excited I was to meet a fellow cunter-in-crime. Writers weren't just relegated to the Malcolm Lowry literary stage, either—the afternoon minigolf audience was witness to the pure and gorgeous poetry of Japan's **Nanase Sakaki**.

Anyway, although I couldn't stay for the entire 12 hrs of the festival, the whole thing was pretty incredible. There were really only two major disappointments. First, the self-indulgent punk choir shirk of Seattle's **Uncouth** provided very poor proof that there's more to being an activist than yelling a lot, and more to being an artist than obnoxious lyrics. Their cranky wall-

idn't create melody out of dissonance, or discipline out of chaos, its just made me leave to go see something else. See? Everything has a purpose! The other big disappointment was **Aztlán Underground**. While I loved the words and symbols embedded in their music, and was glad that they came to Vancouver to educate and incite, I couldn't deal with the rather boring and derivative grinding hardcore tunes they cranked. So what? I went to see the **Matriarch Q Bee** and **Vinyl Ritchie** kick the shit out of the audience at the Waterfront stage.

My dog had had enough by dinner time, though, so I had to miss the evening portion, but I will definitely be there next year and I am sorry I did not attend the Rethinking Resistance

conference which took place the day before Volcano at the Britannia Community Centre. I can't give you a review of that, but with workshops like "Mass Movement for Mass Movements" and "Queer Pride or Corporate Pride?" it sounds like I missed out.

Hancunt

**REMOVAL
UNCLEAN WIENER
Wednesday, August 16
Brickyard**

Unclean Wiener was what drew me to the Brickyard's \$1.49 Wednesday (home, I learned, to the highest proportion of aging skateboarders in Vancouver). I was expecting ar damage and I got it. The retarded duo performed in paper bags: I am sorry I did music like that. I put a bag on my head too,

ha ha," commented a companion. Their show was totally dumb and pretentious, but I couldn't help liking it anyway. The melano-linguistic vocals were what clinched it for this nerd. No one will believe me when I tell them that **Unclean Wiener** has jammed with **Jim O'Rourke**. Just ask Luke Mead, dude.

I can't get past **Removal's** sampled vocals to any real appreciation for the band's power-chording metal lite. I felt like I had been transported back to a bad early-'90s industrial-rock homejap tape. The human voice either is a part of your musical masterplan, or it is not. No half-assed equivocations are allowed on my ignorant critical island.

Barbara

Food + Music = Good by Julie Colero

Some of the best bands in the city don't fit into the club scene. Thank goodness Vancouver has a new scene, one that looks after those who want to do something a little different—the restaurant scene. The Sugar Refinery plays regular host to local and out-of-town bands and DJs, and has gone so far as to name some of its dishes after regular crowd pleasers like The Molastics and Fryer Tuck. **DV8**, another local restaurant, is not new to the music game, but it is looking to step up its profile.

It should be known that local bands who want to make noise and eat tasty food have two locale choices, and listeners are equally blessed—a little variety in the diet never hurts, does it? The two venues share some performers, but **DV8's** trying to find a few unheard gems to unveil to its (so far) unwitting audience. People don't know, yet, that when they show up for eats on a Wednesday night, they might just see something a little bit crazy.

When I showed up to talk to Patrick Deady, the man in charge of putting together **DV8's** Wednesday nights, I was treated to a performance by Kysterian & Jim, two members of Gospel Space Juice. A guitar/flute duo, these two managed to make more than a few patrons ignore their beer and conversations. "We've been doing live music at **DV8** on Wednesday nights for about six years. Since I've been booking, I've tried to focus more on experimental and/or electronic music. We do stray from that, you know, if someone is doing something really good or way out there. There are so many bands in the city doing things that are really different—not the same old boring rock."

Deady is enthusiastic about what **DV8** has to offer Vancouver musicians and music lovers. "We want to generate a little more interest in this non-scene that's going on, maybe make it a bit more of a scene." This fall, Deady plans to continue featuring some of the bands he's stumbled upon over the last year, as well as introduce new ones to the stage. He is always looking for new artists, and submissions are welcomed. One thing Deady's got going for him now is a possible label sponsorship. One of the larger labels in town is interested in showcasing its artists and sending A&R reps down to the shows. This could prove to be some lucky local band's big break. Don't get too worried, though—there's not much of a chance of the restaurant being inundated with cheesy rock bands. Says Deady, "In my world, 'rock band' and 'amazingly good' just don't go together any more." Look for diversity over all else to play a key role in **DV8's** fall line-up. Sandwiching the live artists between experimental DJ sets is another of Deady's ideas to increase the ambience, and he's proud to be one of the DJs on board. September's Wednesday nights will feature shows by Sinola Caves (featuring members of Pipedream), Al Lewy, an electronic artist who may choose to incorporate a band, Landscape Body Machine, an experimental ambient/industrial project, and jgospers-lsm, a call-and-response electronic duo.

Julian Gosper, one half of jgospers-lsm, was more than happy to explain what they get up to on stage. Pushing their gear past what Julian calls "manufacturer's intent," Julian and his partner Laurence Sim aim for a "glitch aesthetic." Their works are rooted in traditional musicality, but the duo enjoys using and misusing the new technologies. Julian believes that "the errors contextualise the harmonies" and that what the two do is "transform the chaos into some ground." Their humanist approach to electronics is a healthy change from the beat-driven creations showcased in venues like Sonar. So far as I know, Sonar also has no good eats and treats. The Sugar Refinery has good perogies; **DV8** has tasty bands. Immerse yourself in the restaurant scene. It's pleasing to all your various palates. *

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Radio Free Press



ZINES • BY SAM & BLEEK

This being the local issue and all, we should take time to remind you to seek out excellent Vancouver-based zines like *Pop Boffin*, *Speck*, *Queen of the Universe*, *Stay as You Are*, *Cinema Sewer*, and *I'm Johnny and I Don't Give a Fuck*. A great deal of independent publishing's vitality stems from its ability to build communication conduits on a local level. So get down to Black Sheep Books, Zulu, Scratch, or wherever and pick up some of that good printed matter.

Having highlighted the importance of local publications, we should also point out that zines are also a great way of establishing communication between opposite corners of the world. So excuse us while we review some zines from far-flung places.

ROOM TONE may hail from the UK, but it still technically counts

out of Washington State. Hey, that's almost local, right?

With nods to Seattle's Ten Things Fanzine comes **CRUD #1**, a free punk magazine with gobs of potential. Interviews with **Cookie, The Load Levelers, Quick 66**, and **Poxy** introduce us to lesser-known, backyard punk bands. *Crud* offers another venue for zinesters to get their stuff

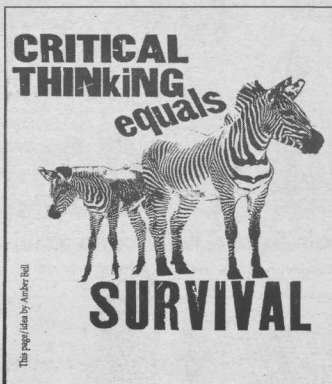
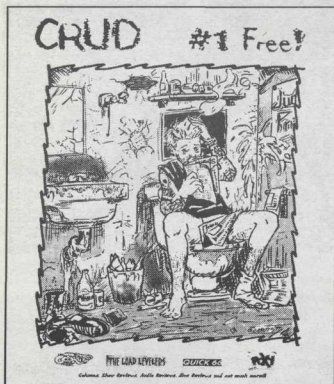
reviewed and for punks to continue to flag their shit from a sanctuary free of pervasive bourgeois culture. Editors Spit and Iggy plan to try to get these out quarterly, but no one really ever succeeds at that, do they? Keep up the good work. (\$4 outside of the US from PO Box 4134, Seattle, WA 98104-0134) <crudzine@aol.com>

From Seattle—with ties to Olympia—comes **OBIVION #8** and we hear that #9 is out now. *Obivion* is one of those zines that cross the line from entertainment to being a great tool for information on rights and liberation. These youths are angry at a system in which kids are continually seen as criminals just for being teens. They're not mindless reactionaries either. They know what they speak of, giving

that straight, asshole. Stats actually show crime at an all-time low. I've been bitching about this for years. *Obivion* does something about this. Highly recommended! [PO Box 95227, Seattle, WA 98145-2227] <obivion@obivion.net>

One of the coolest names in zinedom has to be Stella Marrs, who puts together a small zine with huge subject matter. **CRITICAL THINKING EQUALS SURVIVAL** is packed with true but sad statistics and compiled into on pesticides, poisons, toxins, etc. and the shortsighted fools that would lead us down this horrible path of genetic retardation. It's happening all around us. Our health and the well-being of the rest of the Earth's inhabitants are for sale and expendable in a heartless, capitalistic system Americans equate with God and patriotism. Oh, I'm sorry, go back to your TV. [Stella Marrs, PO Box 2273 Olympia, WA 98557]

Olympia's Dylan Williams draws this comic-zine called **HEY GRANDPA** and promises "More belly laughs from America's foremost funny man." So how funny is it really? Sometimes it's kinda funny and sometimes not so much. Maybe this is a composite of ridiculous old men and their quirks, or perhaps it's Williams' own Grandfather documented as a cranky, impatient nut. Whatever it is, it will cost you a dollar where you can find it or you can ask about cost at 210 Bethel St. NE #10, Olympia, WA 98506, or www.saucepot.com.



as Canadian content, being put together by one Jesse Simon, an ex-member of Winnipeg's late, lamented dance poppers: **Dynamic Ribbon Device**. It's a music zine covering the more imaginative side of indie rock in an unusually articulate fashion. It really comes into its own on the one occasion that Jesse moves further left of centre. His review of Japan's heroically pretentious noise rockers **Fushitsushu** aptly captures the masochistic transcendence of the band's music. The zine's not all as good as that, but it does, at least, recognize its own flaws (narrow focus, lack of images, sterile design) and promises to remedy them in issue #2, which should be available by the time you read this. (#1 for one pound from Top Floor, 87 Goldhurst Terrace, London NW6 3HA, UK) <novellevogue@vmailrose.com>

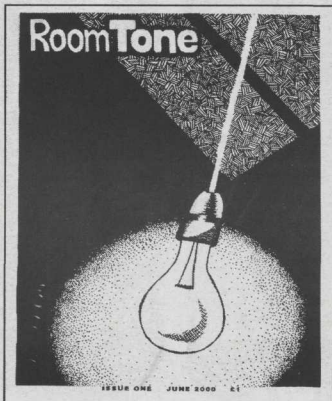
KICKSTAND is a far more established and accomplished zine. Okay, so they haven't put out a print version since November 1998, but their excellent website (www.kickstandzine.com) suggests that a new issue will appear at some point in the future. Anyway, this sunny offering from sunny California is in the classic girlzine style, though much better written than most of what falls into that genre. Issue #10 featured covers made with parts of real maps and had "reviews" of all 50 US states. In a world of hastily compiled, badly photocopied rags, this labour of love stands out as a class act. (\$3 US or trade from PO Box 1440, Santa Cruz, CA 95061-1440, USA)

Not that chaotically laid-out zines are necessarily a bad thing. We recently picked up a copy of **TONGUE TIED #4** (available in stores around town) which is a crazy mélange of art, stories, comics, and interviews—arty, but with a DIY irreverence that makes it very accessible. It seems to have been published way back in November 1997, out in Calgary. If anyone has any information on the current state of this intriguing project, we'd love to know.

Anyway, it's about time that we got 'round to reviewing some more recent stuff, eh? Bleek recently spent two weeks in his homeland, the US of A, where he picked up a bunch of good stuff coming

examples of age discrimination from news articles and personal experience. Ask yourself what you feel about the state of youth today. What do you assume? Higher crime than ever in recorded history? You'd think so, thanks to the mainstream CONSERVATIVE MEDIA (get

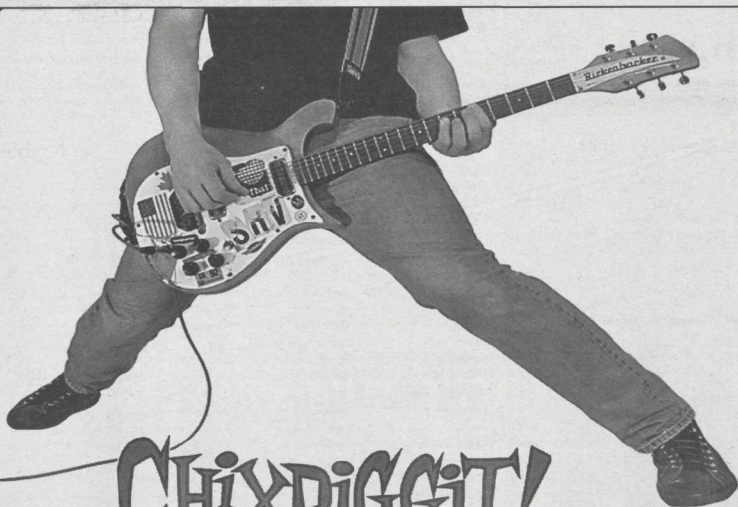
That little lot not close enough to home for ya? Want to see more local zine coverage in *DISORDER* and on *CITR*? Well, get in touch and get involved with our show, which broadcasts 2-3pm on Wednesday. You know it makes sense. •



Happiness by Miyu

Your neck hurts. You have this pain in your neck because you didn't sleep right. You couldn't sleep because you were turning, tossing, thinking about how the warmth of your blankets isn't enough to stop you from being cold, especially in the morning when you're sweating and you have that neck cramp, that pain in the place that you can't reach. You spread yourself out on your bed because there's room, but you wish there was someone in the way, someone to take away the pain in your God-damned neck. In the middle of the night, you wish you could be restless and there would be someone beside you who would wake up. •

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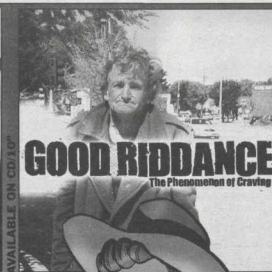
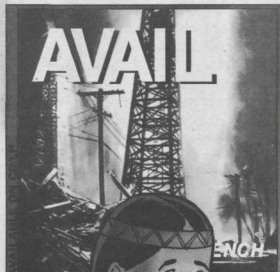
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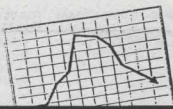
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CiTR Charts

WHAT'S BEING PLAYED ON CiTR 101.9 FM



HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our djs during the previous month (ie, "September" charts reflect airplay over August). Weekly charts can be received via e-mail. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts"

september long vinyl

1 beans	tired snow	zum
2 weckenthans	left and leaving	g-7
3 kinnie star	tune up	violet inn
4 twilight circus dub...	dub voyage	m
5 ida	will you find me	tiger style
6 up, bustle and out	rebel radio sessions	ninja tune
7 lily frost	lunamarium	outside
8 jurassic 5	quality control	interscope
9 shellac	1000 hurts	touch and go
10 olivia tremor control	singles and beyond	emperor norton
11 pole	3	matador
12 clover honey	go horse go	lance rock
13 dandy warhols	thirteen tales from urban...	capital
14 isotope 217	who stole the i walkman	thrill jockey
15 murder city devils	in name and blood	scratch
16 huevos rancheros	el muerte del toro	mint
17 ursula 1000	all systems are go go	18th st lounge
18 v/a	powerpuff girls comp.	rhino
19 datons	seal	tyrant
20 silkworm	lifestyle	touch and go
21 arab strap	mad for sadness	jetset
22 kid606	down with the scene	ipeacac
23 senior coconut	el baile alaman	emperor norton
24 jimi tenor	out of nowhere	matador
25 super furry animals	mwng	flydaddy
26 delgados	the great eastern	chem. underground
27 oval	ovalprocess	thrill jockey
28 livehuman	elefish jellyphant	matador
29 buju banton	unchained spirit	epitaph
30 mean red spiders	starsandsons	teenage usa
31 billy bragg & wilco	mermaid ave. vol. 2	elektra
32 st. germain	tourist	blue note
33 herbaliser band	session one	department h
34 les sexoteros	live! in the bed	sfrti
35 mark kozalek	rock 'n' roll singer	badman

september short vinyl

1 riff randells	s/t	mint
2 gene defcon	litz	lookout
3 k.	s/t	tree
4 frumpies	frumpies forever	kill rock stars
5 various artists	patty duke covers	top quality r'n' r
6 bis/apples in stereo	powerpuff girls	rhino
7 mooney suzuki	s/t	telstar
8 a. sparrowhawk/charles atlas	split	star star stereo
9 selby tigers	sidewalk	hopeless
10 bartlebees	flight fright	magic marker
11 jean bach	jean sans le payback	555
12 mauvies	on holiday with...	hub city
13 radio berlin	heart of industry	reassemblage
14 hot hot heat	s/t	ache
15 candies	sad neon lights	teenage usa
16 unbound/versus	split	troubleman
17 teach me tiger	remember me	fantastic
18 kepler	between still sheets	spectroscopic
19 q and not u	hot and informed	dischord
20 skewbald	grand union	dischord

september indie home jobs

1 panty boy	sea hag
2 magnus	dragon style
3 amarillo stars	el poso
4 coupon	train robbery
5 lolliies	green card marriage
6 squares elite	around the capital
7 heatscores	run santa run
8 mfw	put a shirt on (and i don't mean one of them tank tops)
9 bel riose	the notion
10 metic	je ne sais pas
11 joy a. beck	ophelia
12 les saints	to mere
13 nasty on	lester bangs
14 new hedron	heap wonder
15 riff randells	sweet sixteen
16 p:ano	all of november, most of october
17 birthday machine	the torch
18 dreamy angel	laundromatthe queen
19 join	newsman
20 symphonic ensemble	boxing day blues

anize top 10 for september wednesdays, noon-1pm

10 particle burn	s/t 3" cd
9 v/a	in formation: a tribute to throbbing gristle
8 the flying lutenbachers	gods of chaos
7 spk	information overload unit
6 hospital	flasher
5 the halfter trio	seven hours sleep
4 borbetomagus	buncha hair that long
3 low reed	metal machine music
2 v/a	no music festival 5xCD box set
1 keiji haino	the book of "eternity set aflame"

this is what we listened to...

townes van zandt • the beans • the misfits (too many much) • shellac (too many muchhhh) • princess superstar • mungus big band • senior coconut y su conjunto • pi harvey • operation makeout • karate • sleater-kinney • by the grace of god • kia kadiri and the stir-fried crew • blonde redhead • the voices in our heads telling us to quit, quit, quit before it's too late • superconductor • silkworm • joel's new tape • and all the usual suspects.

flex your head top 10 tuesdays, 6-8pm

1 dillinger four	versus god	hopeless
2 d.s.-13	vad vet vim om kriger?	deranged
3 hopeful	structure	oultast
4 jr ewing	calling in dead	coalition
5 mushmouth	lift the curse	triple crown
6 my hero died today	the city will pay for this	schematics
7 the nerve agents	days of the white owl	revelation
8 100 demons	in the eyes of the lord	good life
9 planesmittenforators	knifeintheamrathon	deep elm
10 throwdown	drive me dead	indecision

top 10 n00ze stories fridays 5pm

1 we're on the internet—and so is porn.
2 n00ze director cuts off lame yuppie ponytail and grows lame non-yuppie mullet.
3 los angeles erupts into anarchist riots over Democratic Convention.
4 DISORDER editrix "only play[s] squash."
5 lenin. leninism. lenin beards. lenin eyebrows.
6 troll hits the nation, but we still prefer porn for arm and hand exercise.
7 germans take over CiTR and BLACK becomes mandatory dress-code.
8 our "other" returning n00ze director promises to model the CiTR Thong after spending a summer in santa cruz.
9 hoodie synchronicity, synchronicity, synchronicity.
10 APF: anarchist porn front (in black).

travis bean's top 10 shellac songs

1 "didn't we deserve a look at you the way you really are"
2 "spoke"
3 "billiard player song"
4 "il porno star"
5 "prayer to god"
6 "song of the minerals"
7 "jailbreak '95"
8 "a minute"
9 "ghosts"
10 "wingwalker"

On The Dial



YOUR ON-AIR GUIDE TO CTR 101.9FM

SUNDAYS
ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC
9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM Real-cowhitt-caught-in-her-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.). '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

HELLO INDIA 8:00-9:00PM
GEETANJALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies, Ghazals, Bhajans and also Quawwalis, etc.

THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:30AM Strictly Hip-Hop - Strictly Underground - Strictly Vinyl. With your hosts Mr. Rumble, Seanaki & J Swing on

the 1 & 2's.
THE CHILL-OUT ROOM 12:30-2:00AM Time to wind down? Lay back in the chill-out room. Trance, house, and special guest DJs with hosts Dexter and Nasty.

VIBE 2:00-6:00AM The Sunday Night Vibe bringing you the very best in funky and vocal house spun live by your host Delacey. For the true house lovers out there this is the place to be.

MONDAYS
SALARIO MINIMO 6:00-8:00AM Spanish rock, ska, techno and alternative music—porque no todo en esta vida es "sola"!

BREAKFAST WITH THE

BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brown-stars, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge, and ambience.

POP SCENE alt. 11:00-1:00PM
GIRLFOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM

FLEE IN TERROR 1:00-5:00PM Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host Chris.

STAND AND BE CUNTED 3:00-4:00PM
EVIL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.

WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-6:00PM Join the sports department to hang out with Wener, the Freight Train and the 24 Karat Goldman.

SOUPE DU JOUR alt. 6:00-7:30PM Feeling a little French-impaired? Francophone music from around the globe, sans Celine Dion.

FILL-IN alt. 6:00-7:30PM
PIRATE RADIO alt. 7:30-9:00PM Formerly "Love Sucks," now at a new time.

BY THE WAY alt. 7:30-9:00PM I don't know what I'm up to any more. I play lots of odd German electronic, some 7's, and a demo here and there. Go figure.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-sue Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

Sept. 4: Missed feature from August—the great jazz violinist Hazeluchi "Shuff" Smith with the Oscar Peterson Trio.

Sept. 11: Jazz education time with Leonard Bernstein and "What is Jazz?"

Sept. 18: More of the same, except this time it's also a pianist Julian "Cannonball" Adderley.

Sept. 25: Legendary Jamaican-born trumpeter Dizzy Reece with tenorist Stanley Turrentine and drum master Art Blakey.

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the

charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.
PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-6:00AM

TUESDAY
PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM Bluegrass, old-time music and its derivatives with Arthur and "the lovely Andrea" Berman.

WORLD HEAT 8:00-9:30AM
THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Put your hands together for the rock 'n' roll riot! Put your hands together for the rock 'n' roll riot! Let's go!

BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtop to, hosted by Coreen.

CONTEMPORARY 1:00-2:00PM Music and poetry for jockasses.

THE RELATIONSHIP SHOW 2:00-3:30PM
HIPS TITS LIPS POWER 3:30-4:30PM Featuring That Feminist Collective from CTR.

ELECTRIC AVENUES 3:30-4:30 (last Tuesday of each month)
THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN



	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
6 ^{AM}		SALARIO MINIMO	<i>pacific pickin'</i>	BBC	<i>West Coast sound system</i>	<i>shadow at dawn</i>	The Leo Ramirez Show	6 ^{AM}
7	<i>reggae linkup</i>				<i>fill-in</i>			7
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE				8
9		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	WORLD HEAT	<i>Fool's Paradise</i>	<i>end of the world news</i>	CAUGHT IN THE RED	<i>The SATURDAY EDGE</i>	9
10	<i>are you serious? music</i>		THIRD TIMES THE CHARM	<i>The Northern Wish</i>	<i>the ether table</i>	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE		10
11		<i>girlfood/pop scene</i>	BLUE MONDAY	ANOIZE	CANADIAN LUNCH	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	soulsistat radio	11
12 ^{PM}	Rockers Show	FLEE IN TERROR	CONTEMPORARY	<i>the shake</i>	STEVE&MIKE		POWERCHORD	12 ^{PM}
1		<i>stand and be cunted</i>	<i>THE RELATIONSHIP SHOW</i>	TRICKY TROUBLE	THE ONOMATOPOEA SHOW	Black Noise		1
2	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	EVIL VS. GOOD	<i>hips like lips power/electric avenues</i>	FOOTBALL	RHYMES & REASONS	WAR! WAR! TERROR!	LUCKY SEABAT	2
3	<i>Cats with Derry/Jam/Saint Tropez</i>	WENER'S BARBEQUE	THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN	FOOTBALL	REELS TO REAL	NOOZE & ARTS	<i>Howl</i>	3
4			10,000 VOICES	RACHEL'S SONG				4
5		SOUPE DU JOUR / fill-in	FLEX YOUR HEAD	<i>rochel's song</i>	OUT FOR KICKS	<i>Far East Side Sounds /AFRICAN RHYTHMS</i>	RADIO FREE AMERICA	5
6	Queer FM	<i>pirate radio by the way</i>	RADIO ELLINKATHIKO	<i>AND SOMETIMES WHY / REPLICA REJECT</i>	<i>ON AIR WITH RELEASED JAZZ</i>			6
7	<i>Hello India</i>		<i>a walkabout the world</i>	TOLLS OASTS	<i>Live from... THUNDERBIRD HELL</i>	homeboss	<i>synaptic sandwich</i>	7
8	<i>Geetanjali</i>	THE JAZZ SHOW	<i>VENUS FLYTRAP / soul/sonic wanderlust</i>	STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR	<i>HIGHBRED VOICES</i>		SOUL TREE! pipedreams	8
9	The Show		<i>Aural Tentacles</i>	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR		SHITMX		9
10		VENGEANCE IS MINE!			plutonian nights		TABLETURNZ /EARWAX	10
11	CHILL-OUT ROOM							11
12 ^{AM}		<i>psychedelic airwaves</i>	Aural Tentacles	<i>first floor sound system</i>		<i>THE MORNING AFTER SHOW</i>	REGGAE LINKUP	12 ^{AM}
1	vibe							1
2								2
3								3
4								4
5								5
6								6

4:30-5:00PM
10:00-11:00PM
6:00PM Poetry, spoken word, and more, etc.
FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Hardcore and punk rock since 1989.

RADIO ELLINIKATHIKO 8:00-9:00PM Greek radio.
A WALK ABOUT THE WORLD 9:00-10:00PM VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEMO alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM loveden@hotmail.com
SOULSONIC WANDERLUST alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Phot platter, slim chatter.
AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-3:00AM Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, and unusual rock.

WEDNESDAYS
THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM A perfect blend of the subtle and absurd, with your refined and exotic hosts Jack Velvet and Carmen Ghia.
FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

THE NORTHERN WISH 10:00AM-12:00PM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.

ANOIZE 12:00-1:00PM
THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM
RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show! Sam and Blake present the underground press with articles from zines from around the world.

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, respect!"
RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-7:30PM Info on health and the environment, consumption and sustainability in the urban context, plus the latest techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Hosted by MPath.

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM sleater-kinney, love, sushi... these are a few of our fave-chewit things.

REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM Independent and innovative music and noise from an ex-host of Little Twin Stars.

FOK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM The rootsy-worldbeat-bluegrass-polka-alt.country-cajun-conjunto show that dares call itself folk. And singer-songwriters too.

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radiocactive Bhangra! "Chakki de phutty!"
HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.

FIM FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:00AM
THURSDAYS
FILL-IN 6:30-8:00AM
END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:30-10:00AM

THE ETHER TABLE 10:00-11:30AM Phone-in marriage proposals encouraged.
CANADIAN LUNCH

11:30AM-1:00PM From Tolino to Gander, Ballin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby [hardcore].
THE ONOMATOPEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM Comix comic mix. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM
REELS TO REEL 5:30-6:00PM Movie reviews and criticism.
OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM Roots of rock 'n' roll.
LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9 Live bandz from 10-11.

HIGHBRED VOICES 11:00PM-1:00AM
PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident haiche with guest DJs and performers.

http://plutonia.org

FRIDAYS
SHADOW AT DAWN 6:00-8:00AM With DJ Goulash.
CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-TS SCENE-K DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM E-mail requests to djkska_1@hotmail.com.
THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM DJ Splice and A.V. Shock bring you a flipped up, freaked out, full-on, funkified, sample heavy beat-tain trip, focusing on anything with breakbeats.

BLACK NOISE 2:00-3:30PM Essays, poetry, social commentary, and conscious music from a Black radical perspective. If you can't take the heat listen to Z95.

HARDUWAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM Please keep on rawkin in the free world and have a good breakfast. Roc on, Nardwuar and Cleopatra Von Fluffiestein.

NOOZE & ARTS 5:00-6:00PM
FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM
AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa & African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

SHITMIX alt. 12:00-2:00AM The Shitmix council convenes weekly. Chairwoman: Jamaal. Correspondents: DJ Mar, the

delicious yet nutritious Erin, D.C. Cohen, the Rev. Dr. K. Edward Johnson and Wine-Jug Hutten.

SATURDAYS
THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 8:00-6:00AM
THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 6:00-8:00AM
THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8:00AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.
SOULSISTAR RADIO 12:00-1:00PM
POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities.

3:00PM-4:00PM Metal Ron do the damage.
LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban funk hanks, blues and blues rock with your hosts Jim and Paul.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM Extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KFCJ (Los Angeles, CA).

SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

PIPEDREAM alt. 1:00-3:00AM
TABLETURNZ alt. 1:00-4:30AM
EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM "noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem

forcez/distorz do source fall headz with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free do jazz..." Out.—Guy Smiley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-8:00AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

WEDNESDAYS
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3

CiTR
whom and how

Arts Board Chair
Business Cat Moore
Current Affairs Tobias Van Veen
Demos/Cassettes Jamaal Francis
Engineer Richard Anderson
Entertainment Clinton Ma
Mobile Sound vacant
Music Julie Colero
President Christine Glendinning
Production vacant
Program Coordinator Bryce Dunn
Pibitions Alla Hussey
George Barrett
Secretary Christa Min
Sports Daryl Wener
Station Manager Linda Scholten
Vice President Jay Dourland

SHINDig

ROUND ONE OF SHINDIG! 2000 STARTS THIS SEPTEMBER! YOU BEST BE GOING TO THE RAILWAY CLUB ON THE FOLLOWING NIGHTS TO SEE WHO ROCKS AND WHO DON'T!!!

round one, night one

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

Coupon
The Dollarstore Jesus
Joel

show starts
at 9:30 pm!

round one, night two

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

Victory Gin
Amarillo Stars
The Cinch

round one, night three

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

Trail Vs. Russia
Transvestimentals
Engine of the Future

round two, night one

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3

Wake Forest
Morning Maker
Crestfallen

Datebook



WHAT'S HAPPENING IN AUGUST

FRI SEP 1 The Makers, The Bongs, The Riff Randalls@Brickyard; Royal Canadian Motorscooter Portage@???; Alan Zweig's Vinyl@Blinding Light; The Kingpins, The Peacocks@Starfish Room
SAT 2 Bunchofhookings, Oppressed Logic, Strong Like Tractor@Brickyard; **CITR PRESENTS SLEATER-KINNEY @COMMODORE**; Royal Canadian Motorscooter Portage@???; Alan Zweig's Vinyl@Blinding Light

SUN 3 Guttermouth, Side 67@Brickyard; Tracy Chapman@Orpheum; "Double-O-Seven" w/Scooter Rally Shakedown@Piccadilly Pub; Mark Klainer Power Trio@Silverstone Tavern; Royal Canadian Motorscooter Portage@???; Alan Zweig's Vinyl@Blinding Light

MON 4 Ladysmith Black Mambazo@Vogue Theatre; Royal Canadian Motorscooter Portage@???; The John Doe Thing, Chris Houston & Evan Johns@Starfish Room

TUE 5 Kifite, Disturbed@Croatian Cultural Centre; Bruce LaBrec's Skin Flick: The Hardcore Cut@Blinding Light; Supreme Bessies of Leisure, Tahiti 80@Sonar

WED 6 Jet Set, The Nasty On, Spanish Fly@Brickyard; "Double-O-Seven" w/DJs Andy Capp and Dr. Go!@Piccadilly Pub; Bruce LaBrec's Skin Flick: The Hardcore Cut@Blinding Light; Just Singin' Round@Starfish Room; Briggan Krauss@Sugar Refinery

THUR 7 Radio Berlin@Brickyard; Bruce LaBrec's Skin Flick: The Hardcore Cut@Blinding Light; Todd Tomorrow@Sugar Refinery; Neguse, The Agent, Kalamalka@Sonar

FRI 8 JPS, Mr. Cak, Tackelbox@Brickyard; Bruce LaBrec's Sexy Super 8@Blinding Light; Jebelchah@Starfish Room; Red Light Sling, Hot Hot Heat, Reserve 34, The New Fever@DANSpace; Sean MacDonald, Panzer Attack@Sugar Refinery; Rob Swift@Sonar

SAT 9 Salteens, The Metc, Pepper Sands@Brickyard; Bruce LaBrec's Sexy Super 8@Blinding Light; Pulseprogramming@Sugar Refinery; Paul Warsaw, The Silent Treatment, Joel, Nick Berry@Ms. T's Cabaret

SUN 10 Brown Women, Blind Babies@Blinding Light!
MON 11

TUE 12 Dead Boat, The Rockfins, I Brainleat@Brickyard; Mobz, Hybrid@Plaza of Nations; Ladies and Gentlemen... Mr Leonard

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE!

TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822.9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE OCTOBER ISSUE IS SEPTEMBER 25TH!

Cohen@Blinding Light; **CITR PRESENTS SHINDIGI: COUPON, DOLLARSTORE JESUS, JOELRAILWAY**

WED 13 The Mooney Suzuki, The Come Ons@Brickyard; Ladies and Gentlemen... Mr Leonard Cohen@Blinding Light; Exit This Side, The Switch, Ether's Void@Starfish Room; Strung Out, No Motiv, Belvedere, Complete@The Auditorium

THUR 14 Substance, Slick 60, Yoko Zuna@Brickyard; BYO8@Blinding Light; Jonathan Inc.@Sugar Refinery

FRI 15 Rainbow Man/John 3:16, Visionary Environments & Reserve Concert Group@Blinding Light; Mike Watt@Starfish Room; Eve Adam@Sonar; Naughty Camp [BC Punkfest]@Mt. Currie Reserve Concert Ground

SAT 16 Destroyer, Citrean, New Hedron@Brickyard; **CITR PRESENTS BURNING SPEAR, RANDEESH REGGAE BAND@COMMODORE**; Rainbow Man/John 3:16, Visionary Environments & Amateur Adventures@Blinding Light; Radiogram, Auburn@Starfish Room; Naughty Camp [BC Punkfest]@Mt. Currie Reserve Concert Ground

SUN 17 Eye of Newt, The Element of Crime@Blinding Light!
MON 18 Saul Williams@Sonar

TUE 19 Cop Talk: Police Training Oddities@Blinding Light; **CITR PRESENTS SHINDIGI: VICTORY GIN, AMARILLO STARS, THE CINCHRAILWAY**

WED 20 Vancouver Nights, Young and Sexy, Piano@Brickyard; Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Gadgets@Commodore; Iron Maiden, Halford@Pacifica Coliseum; Cop Talk: Police Training Oddities@Blinding Light; J.J. Engstrom, Defaul@Starfish Room

THUR 21 LSD-49, Truth and Explosions@Blinding Light!
FRI 22 The Spiffles, The Vultures, The B Movie Rats@Brickyard; Trans Am, Laddio Balack@Starfish Room; Huda Hudia@Sonar

SAT 23 Free Coke for Supermodels, Biffy Pudd, Shrimpmat@Brickyard; Colorifics@Sugar Refinery

SUN 24 Tobias@Sugar Refinery
MON 25 The Posies, Kevin Kane@Starfish Room

TUE 26 CITR PRESENTS SHINDIGI: TRAIL VS. RUSSIA, TRANSVESTMENTALS, ENGINE OF THE FUTURE@RAILWAY

WED 27 The Dirtmills, Montana, Weights & Measures@Brickyard;

CITR PRESENTS THE FUNKTION GRAND OPENING FEATURING AVI SHACK@CHAMELEON; Devil's Tower, Poinkiller, Chill Factor@Starfish Room; Dave Gowans, Aaron Booth@Sugar Refinery

THUR 28 Crowned King, The Cartels, Wisecrack@Brickyard; Joel@Sugar Refinery

FRI 29 Tonic, Silfr@Commodore; The Clumsy Lovers@Starfish Room

SAT 30 Golden Wedding Band@Sugar Refinery; Necessary Pieces 2 Release Party@Sonar

SPECIAL

EVENTS

SHINDIG! 2000

CITR'S ANNUAL BATTLE OF THE BANDS STARTS TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12TH AT THE RAILWAY CLUB AND CONTINUES UNTIL WE'RE ALL TOTALLY EXHAUSTED. SEPTEMBER LINE-UP: COUPON, DOLLARSTORE JESUS, AND JOEL ON SEPT. 12TH; VICTORY GIN, AMARILLO STARS, THE CINCH ON SEPT. 19TH; TRAIL VS. RUSSIA, TRANSVESTMENTALS, ENGINE OF THE FUTURE ON SEPT. 26TH. SHOWS BEGIN AT 9:30PM AND IT'S A BIG FAT HEAP OF FUN, SO COME ON BY AND WATCH VANCOUVER'S FUTURE ROCK LEGENDS DUKE IT OUT.

ROYAL CANADIAN MOTORSCOOTER PORTAGE

DI SKAT (OF CITR'S "SKAT'S SCENIC DRIVE") HANDED ME A PIECE OF PAPER ANNOUNCING THE "ROYAL CANADIAN MOTORSCOOTER PORTAGE" ON SEPTEMBER 1ST-4TH. NO VENUE WAS SPECIFIED, IF INDEED A VENUE COULD BE SAID TO EXIST. SKAT EXPLAINED THAT EVERYONE WHO WOULD BE THERE WOULD KNOW WHERE IT WAS BEING HELD. I'M INTRIGUED. SO, SKAT, TELL ME, WHAT'S THE POINT OF MENTIONING IT? MAKE THE SCOOTERLESS FEEL BAD?

VENUES • BARS • THEATRES • RESTAURANT • RECORD STORES

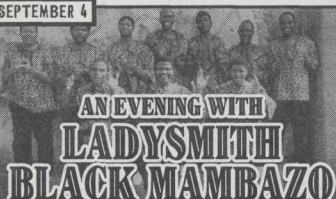
Amsterdam Cafe 302 W. Cordova St. (Gastown) 683 7200
Anza Club 3 W. 8th Ave. (Mount Pleasant) 767 7128
Arts Hotline 684 2787
Astoria Hotel 769 E. Hastings St. 254 3636
Bassix 217 W. Hastings St. (at Cambie) 689 7734
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island) 687 1354
Black Dog Video 3451 Cambie St. 873 6958
Black Sheep Books 1242 W. 4th Ave. (at MacDonald) 732 5087
Blinding Light 36 Powell St. 678 3366
Boomtown 1001-1252 Burrard (at Davie) 893 8696
The Brickyard 315 Carrall St. 685 3978
Cafe Deux Soleils 2096 Granville (The Drive) 254 1195
Cambie 515 Seymour 684 7757
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall) 683 6099
Celebrities 1022 Davie St. (at Burrard) 689 3180
Cellar Jazz Cafe 2611 W. Broadway (downstairs) 738 1975
Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia (Downtown) 669 0806
Chan Centre 6265 Crescent Rd. [UBC] 822-3037
CITR Radio 101.9M 2336-138 SUB Blvd. [UBC] 688 8701
Club Vesuvius 1176 Granville St. (downtown) 682 4622
CNI Inmate Theatre 999 Canada Place 683 3757
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova) 681 1531
Commodore Lane 838 Granville (Granville Mall) 682 5345
CNB Skate and Snow 3712 Robson St. 683 5637
Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova St. (Gastown) 879 0154
Croatian Cultural Centre 3250 Commercial Dr. (at 17th) 683 8774
Crosstown Music 518 W. Pender St. [East Hastings] 683 8774
DANSpace 1622 Franklin (East Hastings) 683 2201
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman St. (West End) 682 3202
Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden Main Hall 578 Carrall St. 682 4388
DVR 515 Davie St. 734 7469
Fifth Avenue Cinemas 2110 Burrard (at 5th) 689 0926
Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main) 687 7464
F.W.U.H. Beatty 552 Beatty St. (downtown) 822 2678
Frederic Wood Theatre [UBC]

Garage Pub 2889 E. Hastings St. (downtown) 822 9364
The Good Jacket 225 E. Broadway (at Main) 827 5665
The Grind Gallery 4124 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 322 6057
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway [Kitsilano] 738 3211
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Luxe Sound Lounge 455 Abbott St. (Gastown) 685 7777
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Moon Base Gallery 231 Carrall St. (Gastown) 738 7151
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Napoleon Records 5750 Fraser St. 665 3050
Orpheum Theatre Smith & Seymour (downtown) 669 5414
Orcs Records 1176 Davie St. 647 1161
Orcs Records 1340 Davie St. 688 3456
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (downtown) 688 2648
Paradise 27 Church (New Westminster) 525 0371
Pavilion Cinema 919 Howe (Granville Mall) 681 1292
Peak Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver) 876 2747
Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour) 682 3221
Pitt Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown) 681 6740
Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall) 685 7050
Puff/Beatstreet 4326 Main (at 27th Ave.) 708 9084
Puff #14712 Robson (at Granville) 684 PUFF
Purple Onion 15 Water St. (Gastown) 602 9442
Queen Elizabeth Theatre Hamilton & Georgia 605 3030
Raffles Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown) 473 1593
The Rago 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations) 685 5585
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir St. (at Seymour) 681 1625
Richard's on Richards 1036 Richards St. (downtown) 687 6794

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Scrap Records 726 Richards St. 687 0499
Seylenn Hall 605 Mountain Hwy. (North Van) 291 6864
Shoalby Centre for the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. (Bby) 291 6864
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Sonar 66 Water St. (Gastown) 683 6695
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Starlight Cinema 935 Denman St. (West End) 689 0096
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Sugar Refinery 1115 Granville St. (downtown) 683 2004
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Vancouver Press Club 2215 Granville (S. Granville) 738 7015
Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey) 222 2325
Vert/InFuturis Flavours 1020 Granville (downtown) 872 2999
Video/Studio 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 872 8337
Vinyl Rekkids 76 W. Cordova (Gastown) 689 3326
Vogue Theatre 218 Granville (Granville Mall) 331 7909
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.) 685 6217
Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave. (near Main) 876 9343
West Bar 1320 Richards (downtown) 230 6278
Whip Gallery 209 E. 6th Ave. (at Main) 476 4687
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive) 254 5858
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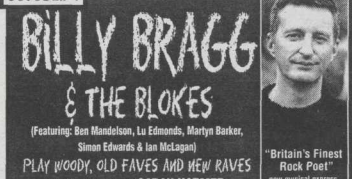


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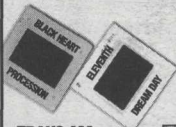
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TRANS AM Red Line CD/2LP

With an internal operating system capable of computing raw musical data into amazingly inventive forms, **TRANS AM's** fifth full-length release is the most formidable hyperlink available for consumers interested in accessing the new sonic platform. The test scores on these 21 new compositions are yet to be published, but officials reporting in *Future World* magazine issue the following brief: "Their chip set is unparalleled, the technology invisible, the sound of electricity being born," perfect vectors of synth, horns and distortion, we applaud! AVAILABLE SEPT. 5"

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THIEVERY CORPORATION The Mirror Conspiracy CD/2LP

Groove... The first three decades of my life. The booths at the Eighteenth Street Lounge have been the waiting rooms for the new disco dancers. Smoke curls through the air as the bass bin shakers blow rings out onto the rug. Let's cut that rug. Along with **Kruder & Dorfmeister**, the **THIEVERY CORPORATION** has been a consistent star of the DJ Kicks series, offering up silky mixes re-mapping the '80s lounge co-ordinates over a smooth geography levelled at 125BPM.

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BLACK HEART PROCESSION Three CD

A spooky mix of backwoods hooch-folk and desert desolation sounds, **BLACK HEART PROCESSION** return with a new album of funeral hymns. Written from the plume of the cactus thorn, these wise burned out songs smile like circling buzzards — angles of mercy from the evil under the sun. Touchstones may be **Giant Sand, Palace** or even **Gram Parsons**, but like life, **BLACK HEART PROCESSION** are a private act, and have sound unto their own. This is the trouble that you are looking for. AVAILABLE SEPT. 5"

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VANCOUVER NIGHTS S/T CD

The debut full-length recording from **Sarah Lapsley's** stylish new pop outfit, featuring players **Dan "Destroyer" Dejar** and **Steve "Capuzzi Park" Balogh**. Tuneful songs, smart lyrics, great performances, and clear JC/DC production all make for a fine recording that should be finding a place on college radio charts soon. Making it easy to support local music. Celebrate **VANCOUVER NIGHTS**. AVAILABLE SEPT. 5"

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SIGUR ROS Agætis Byrjun CD/2LP

Long-awaited and acclaimed Icelandic dreamy guitar-rock for an emerging new transglobal romanticism. Too passionate to be mere shoe gazing revivalists, think back to early-mid-era **Pink Floyd** instead, updated via **Radiobhead**. Even more sweeping and melodramatic than **Mogwai**, and significantly more advanced compositionally, yet never overblown or overly pretentious. Cool hues and colder landscapes sound audible in the delicate touches and thoughtfully spacious arrangements. A new classic to place next to your **My Bloody Valentine**. Only a recording this good can make us anticipate the fall's chilled and greying sky. AVAILABLE EARLY SEPT.

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THE 6THS Hyacinth and Thistle CD

In the style of **Noel Coward** and **Cole Porter**, the **Magnetic Fields** magnate, **Stephen Merritt**, has penned his second collection of songs for today's leftfield indie voices. From his New York piano bar, **Merritt** mines the timeless themes of love — a parabola of dancing, kissing, crying, hurting, and humming — while creating a lush pop curtain before which the likes of **Sarah Cracknell**, **Sally Timms**, **Momus**, **Gary Numan**, **Almond**, **Milo Hutterli** (of **Cibo Matto**), **Nail Hammer** (of **Divine Comedy**) and others gather. AVAILABLE SEPT. 5"

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ELEVENTH DREAM DAY Stalled Parade CD/LP

While sepiia may be the colour of nostalgia, its tone is the reverb-drenched Fender Stratocaster of **Yo La Tengo** or **Neil Young**. 17 years ago, **ELEVENTH DREAM DAY** picked up this sustained fading wall, watched it slowly dissolve in the wind, and then created some of the most evocative neo-American records to date. Contributing to **Freekwater, Tortoise, Smog, Palace** and **Tara Kay's** band, **ELEVENTH DREAM DAY** resume speaks for itself. This is the perfect music for watching rust coloured Cypress leaves rolling down the street, stopping occasionally in the doorways of inspiration. AVAILABLE SEPT. 5"

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JOHN ZORN The Big Gundown: 15th Anniversary Special Edition CD

Featuring a large and remarkable ensemble of musicians, this tribute to the music of **Ennio Morricone** helped establish **ZORN** as an avant jazz agent provocateur and a significant cross-gene influence in general. Here re-mastered and with six newly recorded bonus tracks, **The Big Gundown** still impresses. As **Morricone** himself commented, "Many people have done versions of my pieces, but no one has done them like this." Now on Tzadik, this release also includes a full-colour 32-page book of interesting information and images. Recommended.

CD 16.98

MOVIEZONE The Blossom Filled Streets CD

Here's a band that continues to improve with each recording — consistently beautiful and hushed yet dynamic and stylish. Like **Broadcast** or **Stereolab** there are traces of sixties nostalgia. But rather than pleasant café and colourfull palettes, **MOVIEZONE** is haunted by the tragically poignant image of **Nice** dying while bicycling in Ibiza in 1968 (nostalgia is impressionistic and aesthetic, after all, not historically accurate). And like **Nice**, **MOVIEZONE's** music is imbued with tasteful chamber-rock dramatics, a smart jazz sensibility and low-key drama. The wonderful charm of sadness is forever seductive. Sigh.

CD 19.98

KIM GORDON/DJ OLIVE/IKUE MORI S/T CD/2X12"

Calling **KIM GORDON's** early Lart training, this recording largely leaves her pop-driven projects behind, and instead explores far more conceptually based terrain. Joined here by **IKUE MORI's** no wave cum avant jazz drum machine experimentalism and **DJ OLIVE's** illiberal psychedelics, **GORDON's** vocal mavericks and subtle playing are able to stand out, unincumbered by **Sonic Youth's** signature guitar blowouts or ironic rock gestures. Be prepared for uneasy listening.

CD 14.98 2X12" 19.98

SOLE Bottle of Humans CD/LP

Familia's new release from the Anticon hip-hop label! Sporting the West-Coast indie hip-hop feel of outfits such as **Blackalicious** and **Jurassic 5**, along with an odd-ball rhyme approach à la newcomers **Anti-Pop Consortium**. Sole continues the revitalisation of the American hip-hop scene. Pulsing with positivity, these "stream of consciousness" rants tap into an "automatic rapping", designed to free up the cognitive map for a semiotic barrage of beats and language. Pure Surrealism, we recommend it.

CD/LP 16.98

JIMMY EAT WORLD Singles CD

Nestled comfortably between two railcars, carrying the urgency of Rockabilly from the Crypt and the pop sensibilities of Jet to Brazil, **Jimmy Eat World** seem set to derail the post-straightedge rock party. With two briskly selling full-lengths to their name already, this collection of singles should shore up any gaps fans — new and old — have. All aboard!

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PLURAMON - Hit Sand Riders CD/LP. Remixed by Mogwai, Matmos, Lee Rinaldo, SMO, High Llamas, Merzbow and more.

Various - SOL Y SOMBRERA CD/LP. The sound of young Spain. Bossanova-fused pop...one of these bands is the next Beach Boys.

A GRAPE DOPE - Immediate Action 12" John Herndon of Tortoise and Isotope 217 offers up his skills.

NADA SURF - The Proximity Effect CD. Fiddlydady serves up their return to the indie circuit!

WILL OLOHAM/IAN MURPHY - All Most Heaven CDEP12" Finally on our shelves. Worth the wait.

SAMBA - Astray CD/LP. One of the better punk acts out there.

HIM - Our Point of Departure CD. Post-dub sounds from Doug Schanell

PIRAN - Museum of Imaginary Animals CD. Multi-instrumental ensemble doing cine-music. Very cool.

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Pink is an exhibit by 25 artists running to September 8th. These gals, gents and tents intend to show the aftermath of being inundated with pink, and its effect on our feminine psyche. Individual representations range from social, cultural, psychological, sexual and aesthetic reflections on this most enduring female colour.

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